

medium II

Volume 21 Issue 25

Circulation 5000

March 27 1995

Candidates disciplined with community service

By DOM MOCHRIE

On Tuesday, March 21, the ECARA Election Review Board met in the Council Chambers from 1 p.m. until after dinner-time to decide the political fate of Matt Barrese, Frank Lorusso, and Mike Giordano. Charges of violating ECARA's election guidelines had been leveled against Lorusso and Giordano last week; Barrese was officially charged on Monday.

The candidates were understandably nervous as they went into the Council Chambers. Outside the chambers, Frank Barrese, Matt's older brother and scrutineer, was visibly upset. Adamant that his brother and his running mates had done nothing wrong, he claimed that the whole process was "a waste of time." Barrese counter-charged that before the 12 a.m. start-time of the beginning of the campaigning week, he had seen three other "candidates [who] were in residence, putting up posters at 11:35 p.m. That's a blatant breaking of the rules."

Outside the chambers, when charged directly that all three candidates' decision to run was a result of their ball hockey team being ineligible for the playoffs, Barrese exploded. "That's [wrong]. The reason we got involved is because the same people have been running ECARA for the last seven years!"

The Review Board's decision was made official the following day: Matt Barrese was cleared of all charges while Giordano and Lorusso were found guilty of minor infractions and sentenced to 25 hours of community service. The election results stand, and all those originally elected will take office in September.

Don Malcolmson, current ECARA President, disagreed with the results. "Our procedures are not as tight as they should be...Some of the candidates used the gaps to push the rules." Jon Hart, who lost to Barrese, said the decision "is fair...the candidates have quite a road ahead of them."

Christy Maietta, who was just recently elected as ECSU's Public Relations Director, was a little more enthusiastic about the victory. "I think it's great that three guys who campaigned hard and showed some spark and life, won. I mean, these guys tramped around the Blind Duck with signs on. They wanted to win. What did Hart do? Hi. I'm Jon Hart. Vote for me."



Frank Barrese, older brother of newly elected ECARA President, Matt Barrese, holds court outside the Council Chambers awaiting word from the ECARA Elections Review Board.

Giordano also called the decision fair and intends to carry out the 25 hours of community service with no complaint. He also seems positive about the coming year; "I'm going to give it my best...I'm confident that I can do the job." Lorusso disagreed with the decision, but said that he wouldn't appeal it because "it's not much of a penalty."

Frank Barrese claimed that what the witnesses had to offer was simply hearsay, and both the Chief Returning Officer (CRO) and Deputy Returning Officer (DRO) were "completely partial." At the time that the Review Board was meeting, Barrese (Frank) called into question Peter Baxter's ability to fairly judge the matter. "Baxter, ya, he's really

impartial isn't he?" exclaimed Barrese.

Upon learning the decision, he called the final meting of justice, "excellent ...justice has been done." When asked about the hours of community service the two candidates must serve, Barrese said "...if they provide the 25 hours of service, they'll quiet everybody and show that they have class. They've worked in community service before in many service events and they enjoy it anyways...they kind of feel a little upset that it had to come through as a punishment instead of volunteer [work]."

Barring further appeals, the candidates will begin serving the students of Erindale next September.

Baptist Student Ministry of Erindale hosts Texas Impact Singers

By SANDEEP SINGH

Erindale welcomed the Impact Singers from the city of Tyler, Texas, on Monday, March 18, at 12 p.m. in the Meeting Place. Though the group did draw a group of curious onlookers, a spectacular turnout it was not.

This did not seem to discourage the talented and dedicated performers. The Baptist Student Ministry of Erindale helped make the performance possible, contacting the Greenacres Baptist Church in Texas, which has approximately five to six thousand members.

The Texan Baptist Church singers evolved last July in a bible study meeting. It consists of thirteen members, two of which are students and the other eleven have professional careers. All the members have taken time off for the performance. The group will also perform at the St. George Campus, Sheridan College (Brampton and



A little Texas sunshine lit up the Meeting Place on Monday. Erindale's Baptist Student Ministry sponsored this group from the "Lone Star State" who are on their North American Tour.

Oakville campuses) and Humber College. The group's future plans include travelling to and perform-

ing in Central America, Germany, and Ecuador.

The multi-talented group, which

not only sings but also acts, is motivated, and their commitment is clear and concise. "Singing is a gift

God has given us and we are here with the message of hope, encouragement to Canada for there is a great adventure to be had," said co-leader of the group Perry Coleman. The group was friendly and open; interested in everything around them. "Everyone here in Canada are very open and friendly, and we are really enjoying ourselves. We love the weather. In Tyler we have very humid weather."

The Baptist Student Ministry of Erindale, holds a Lifeline Christian Fellowship meeting every Monday at noon in room 15 of the Crossroads Building. The club is open to anyone and everyone who is interested in spirituality and God. Chaplain Randy Gallaway expressed the message of the club: "There is a God, that loves us and wants us to know him and he offers us forgiveness and power for living and promise for eternal life through faith in Jesus Christ".

The group is holding a Banquet on April 8. For more information about the banquet or the club contact Scott Plavnick (905) 824-7994.

WHAT'S ON

WEEK OF MAR. 27 APRIL 3 1995

"Good thing we're a newspaper or nobody would have covered this."

*-newly elected News Editor John Morris
commenting on the recent medium 11 elections.*

CAREER CENTRE EVENTS

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Tuesday, April 25, 1995
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Room 3129S, South Building

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CAREER CENTRE OFFICE HOURS

September 1 - May 31 1995

June 1 - August 31 1995

MONDAY 10:00 - 4:00
TUESDAY 10:00 - 4:00
WEDNESDAY 10:00 - 7:00
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FRIDAY 10:00 - 4:00

MONDAY 10:00 - 4:00
TUESDAY 10:00 - 4:00
WEDNESDAY 1:00 - 7:00
THURSDAY 10:00 - 4:00
FRIDAY 10:00 - 4:00

FOR FURTHER DETAILS CONTACT THE CAREER CENTRE AT 828-5451 OR DROP BY ROOM 3094.

March 27th - April 3rd Monday

Open from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Tuesday

Open 11a.m.
Pool Tournament at 8p.m.
NO COVER

Wednesday

Radio Erindale
Charity Alternative Night

Thursday

PUB NIGHT! (Second Last!!)

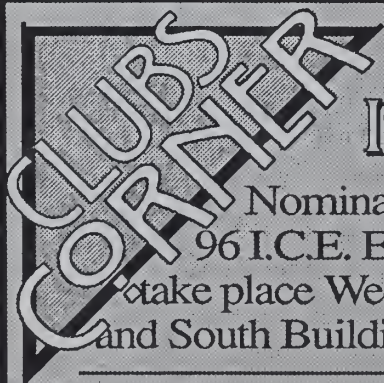
Friday

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Nominations are open for the 1995-96 I.C.E. Executives and voting will take place Wednesday, March 29 (North and South Buildings)

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Come celebrate folkloric culture
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Wed. Mar. 29/95

Also:

All members Vote for Next Year's
Executive Council of ELASA
Pastries & Beverages will be offered.

News

SAC's Erindale contingent made stronger *Theophilos beats out Jelic to take remaining SAC-Erindale seat*

By JENNIFER LEE

Following the acclamation of Students' Administrative Council President Marco Santaguida, SAC-Erindale topped off the year by adding four more acclamations to its six available seats on the Board of Directors.

"This is a very slow year for politics," said Mira Jelic, a candidate and the Erindale College Serbian Association President. Jelic and current ECSU Special Projects Director, Andrea Theophilos, ran for the sixth seat, which was reopened for a second nomination period when no one entered the race in the first nomination period.

The SAC election took place on March 22 and 23 in the North and South Buildings and resulted in a close race with 167 votes for Theophilos and 106 for Jelic. Theophilos, who thought it was a fair race, said she had always wanted to be on SAC; however, as far as campaigning went, she played it by ear. "I really didn't think people wanted to see that many posters," she responded in relation to the excessive campaigning that took place during the ECSU elections. Jelic agreed and asked before the voting period, "Can people really handle another campaign?"

As for her goals, Theophilos proclaimed, "I want to get SAC and Erindale more involved with students. We need to promote SAC and unite UofT as a whole." She maintains that she hopes to "keep up with everything [they] have." She added that many students are unaware of the free services, such as photocopying, laser printing and coffee, that are available at Erindale's SAC office.

This will be Theophilos' first year on SAC. With her history as an ECSU director she hopes to maintain the relationship between SAC and ECSU. "This year has been the best year in which SAC and ECSU have really gotten along." She claimed that "we need to work together to get things done." Stating that since both councils share an equal goal promoting student spirit, she hopes to maintain the good relationship with SAC and ECSU so that they can be considered "co-councils."

After being informed of the results Jelic exclaimed enthusiastically, "I just worked out at the Stairmaster, it was great." Despite the results, Jelic maintains that she will continue to volunteer and help out with SAC events. "I want to concentrate more on my school work this coming year," she said.

Although SAC-Erindale now consists of Theophilos and the five

acclaimed candidates: Alex Vaccari, Janelle Weiss, Ottavio Cicconi, Melissa MacFarlane and Jose Colucci. SAC may hold a by-election in September if Colucci, who was recently elected to the position of ECSU VP Finance, is forced to resign. Although it is not written in the SAC constitution that no member shall be committed to both positions, members of SAC are questioning whether Colucci should be entitled to serve on the ECSU executive and be a SAC board member.

Returning for another year at SAC-Erindale, Vaccari who plans to run for External Commissioner, said "according to the constitution there is nothing there. There was, however, an oral agreement made during the year Mary Kosta was ECSU president. Vaccari said that SAC-President Marco Santaguida will likely be the deciding factor. Santaguida, however, is still reviewing the situation. Colucci, who is confident that he can carry out both positions said, "other colleges don't see it as a conflict of interest. I think students should come first and I would very much like to represent them." Colucci pointed out that there have been a number of other members who have served on both councils. He added that he had already planned to take two summer courses to accommodate the busy year he will be facing.



This woman's on top: Andrea Theophilos will take office April 3 in her new position on SAC-Erindale.

On March 29 and 30, candidates will have a chance to elect new executive positions for the coming year, such as External Commissioner, Human Rights

Officer, Women's Rights Officer and Clubs Administrator.

The first meeting of the newly elected SAC will take place on April 4.

SAC ELECTION NUMBERS

Referendum Question
Do you agree to authorize the collection of an annual fee of \$25.29 plus applicable taxes for a Pay-Direct Accident and Prescription Drug Insurance Plan as described?
Yes 1209
No 782

Erindale College
Andrea Theophilos 167
Mira Jelic 106

Faculty of Nursing
Cheung, Connie 41
Hua, Tina 17

St. Michael's College
James, Patrick 178
Rusek, Michael 153
Burke, Aisling (Ash) 117
Northeoci, Carol Ann 110
Ramasaroop, Christopher 36

Trinity College
Rotstein, Tracy 87
Waterston, Mike
Droopy 81

Lee, Mike 39
Jucker, Jonathan 35
Begley, Colum 29
Moon, Harrison 29

University College
Arbour, Rachel 119
Hibbard, Charlotte 60
Redinger, Mark 111
Soles, J.D. 50
Virtucio, V. Paul A. 55

New College
Ballhis Karim 123
Huang, Joan 112
Shostian, Gren 89
Chang, Alex 75

medium II is on-line. Do we piss you off? Do we have no integrity? Drop us a line on the Internet at medium2@credit.erin.utoronto.ca

Male detained after assaulting girlfriend

HARASSMENT & ASSAULT: A male was reported to be harassing a female in Phase 2 on March 11. No charges were laid when a male was detained after assaulting his girlfriend in Parking Lot No. 8 on March 18. And on March 19, another

female was assaulted by her common-law husband outside the South Building.

NATTY NEWS BITS

BY NATALIE SECRETAN

this large party on March 19. No charges were laid. A male reported that his television was stolen at a party on March 18.

INCIDENTALS: A pizza deliverer was dis'd out of his fare (and tip) by a Phase 3 residence. A female, suffering from an asthma attack, sought help from the Campus Police, who assisted her and called an ambulance to take her to hospital.

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

••Psychiatric Drugs: Is Everybody Happy? A free forum at the Harbourfront Centre in cooperation with the St. Lawrence Centre will be held on Monday, April 3, at 7:30 p.m. in the Brigantine Room. If you want to know about Prozac, depression and other



"I said double cheese, not toe cheese!"

related issues, this is the place to be. For more information call: (416) 973-4381. For additional information about depression and Prozac, please call (416) 928-2827 and request document No. 3001.

••Canadian Perspectives, Erindale College, U of T, Spring 1995 in the Council Chambers on the third level of the South Building; On Thursday morning, April 13, Lecturer, Prof. Wsevolod Isajiw, Dept. of Sociology, U of T, will be giving an address entitled, "Immigration, Ethnic Diversity and the Policy of Multiculturalism in Canada". \$7 per person. For more information, call (905) 828-5214.

••Register for Recent Graduates Employment Service at the Career Centre. Half-hour sessions are scheduled for Wednesday, March 28, at 3 p.m. in Room 3130 or Wednesday, March 29, at 5 p.m. For more information, call (905) 828-5451 or drop by.

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Great Musgrave enlightens on confusing and misleading English

By NATALIE SECRETAN

On Monday, March 20, at 12 p.m. students had the extreme pleasure of sitting in on a poetry reading delivered by Susan Musgrave, Writer in Residence at U of T.

I received notice of the reading in my Greek Tragedy class one hour before the actual event and was surprised it was not better advertised. There was not a huge turn-out (mostly professors), which was very disappointing because it was highly entertaining.

Musgrave read a couple of essays; and one, from her book, *Great Musgrave*, on the clarity of language, with many comical examples from legal documents, application forms etc., illustrating how written English can mislead, confuse and boggle the reader.

She went on to read some dark poetry from *Forcing the Narcissus*, creating great variety in the 45-minute presentation.

Musgrave was on the team of writers responsible for rewriting the Canadian Constitution. She recently submitted to the *Globe and Mail* her suggestion for the Canadian \$2 dollar coin. She thinks it would be a good idea to have a picture of a turbid embossed on the flip side of the Queen's head!

Musgrave is delightful to listen to. Her charm, vigour and sense of humour (akin to Ellen deGeneres, but better) captivates you, and, like her audience on Monday, you will be reluctant to leave.

She opens each reading with an anecdote about how she came to write each piece. Her accounts are, to say the least, side-splitting and a

refreshing change from the other 'stuffy', "I take myself too seriously" authors that I have seen and heard.

Musgrave is U of T's Writer-in-Residence on a two-year term. She hails from Vancouver, where she lives with her husband. She describes their waterfront property as a house with a tree growing in the middle of it and rats scurrying in the walls! Musgrave is learning to acclimatize to Toronto and has learned not to greet passers-by and to ignore fuchsia-haired cyclists in High Park. Susan, you are certainly not an "ugly fucker"!!! (You had to be there).

If you are a student and interested in writing as a profession, you can make an appointment with Musgrave to review your work. The number to call is (416) 593-9665.



photo by John Morris

Ducks in Love

It is a sure sign of Spring when our fine feathered friends find time from their busy schedule to join around the pond for a drink.

medium II Editorial Board selected for 1995 publishing year

By MIKE KROTOWSKI

On Friday, March 24, the annual *medium II* Editorial Board elections were held, with very few surprises.

Unlike most campus-wide election *medium II's* Editorial Board election have an eligible voter's list. To be eligible to vote, students must contribute to at least 6 issues of *medium II* to earn a vote. This process has been in effect for the last five years and has eliminated the "popularity contest" aspect of elections. For the most part, each successful candidate illustrates through on-going work with the paper that they are committed to it, and are willing to put the time and effort into producing it.

On March 22, a Candidate's Forum took place, giving eligible voters an opportunity to question each candidate on their qualifications and motivations for the job. Every candidate was required to submit a resume and cover letter, and a completed nomination form (new this year). Although the forum was not compulsory, one's attendance was beneficial.

Candidates for *medium II* elections are not acclaimed; they are subject to an accept/reject vote. While in most instances, candidates are accepted, it is usually very symbolic when a candidate receives reject votes or abstentions.

The candidates for each position were as follows:

Incumbent Photography Editor,

Jamie Tyndall, received 17 accept votes, 2 reject votes, and 2 abstentions.

Current Copy Editor, Natalie Secretan, received 19 accept votes, 1 reject vote and 1 abstention in her vie for the position of Arts Editor.

Louis Pang, having only been in Canada for four years, was accepted with 15 accept and 6 reject votes in his run for Features Editor.

Dom Mochrie handily won the position of Composite Editor, responsible for the Time to Play section, held by Paul Paradine since its inception three years ago, with 20 accept votes and 1 reject vote.

In his first year, Matt Murray

joined several intramural sports at Erindale and has written consistently for the *medium II*. He won with 17 accept votes, 1 reject vote and 3 abstentions in his run for Sports Editor.

The only positions with more than one candidate were for Editor in Chief and News Editor. Timothy Speck and Steve Taylor were running for 'EIC', while John Morris and Robert Scriban were running for News. Both Morris and

Scriban came prepared and eloquently presented their positions to the forum. Morris, however, won the race with a 17 to 4 victory.

While Taylor did not attend the forum, Speck spoke of things he would like to improve upon at *medium II* if elected. He, like many past Editors, will work in earnest to make the newspaper more accountable to students. Speck defeated Taylor in a 15-1 victory with 6 abstentions.

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- C. FULL-TIME UNDERGRADUATES FROM A DIVISION OF SOCIAL SCIENCES (15 positions available)
- D. PART-TIME UNDERGRADUATES (14 positions available)
- E. GRADUATE STUDENTS/POST-DOCTORAL FELLOWS/FULL-TIME RESEARCH ASSOCIATES (4 positions available)
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Nomination Forms Available At:
the Principal's Office
the Information Desk in Meeting Place
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Secretarial Office, Room 227
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Room 3135
South Building

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Computer Services has more to it than meets eye

By VANESSA LOBO

Erindale students have a wide range of computer services available to them on campus. Popular programs such as Word Perfect, D-BASE IV and Lotus 1-2-3 are available for use around the clock.

Computer Services, run by manager Joe Lim, are located in three areas. The Computer Centre in the South Building (room 2045), has 35 PCs and 28 Macs, and is open around the clock, seven days a week.

The Library Teaching/Learning Lab, located in the basement, has 25 PCs which are available during library hours. The Kaneff Centre Student Lab (room 109) has 15 PCs. It is frequently booked by tutorials but is available to students when there is a large enough time slot between bookings.

All Erindale students, even those who have never darkened the door of the Computer Centre, have an account. Lim notes that Erindale students have quite an advantage in this respect. "Erindale and Scarborough are the only campuses that give every single student access. Students at St. George do not have this."

Accounts can be activated by visiting the office inside the computer room with your student card, on weekdays from 10 a.m. to 12

p.m. and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. A \$7 printing fee is charged which entitles students to unlimited use of the dot matrix printer plus 100 pages on the laser printer. Additional pages on the laser printer may be purchased for 10 cents per page with a minimum purchase of \$3 at a time. Any unused pages on the laser printer will be added to the student's account the following year. Except for the printing fee, use of the computers is free.

Students who have very little experience with computers need not feel intimidated. Lim has hired 13 students to work in the Computer Centre. Assistance is available between 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. during the semester. There is also a series of guides and tech manuals which are loaned out like a library from the computer office. We also have magazines for students to browse through."

In addition to this, to get students started, "we offer introductory courses over the months of September and October, such as introduction to Word Perfect and Lotus. Students only need to check the Computer Centre for the dates and times."

One of the most widely used of the computer services is the Internet. Due to its popularity, Lim is continually looking to update



Computers have been quite successful in the classroom. Anyone who has taken PSY100 would know.

and increase the services.

"At last count, out of 6500 students at Erindale College, we have 3500 students actively involved with the Internet. I expect this number to increase as more of the faculty requires students to use the Internet for their courses."

Although some students enjoy spending hours on the e-mail, Lim stresses that school work always takes priority. "We always cater to

students. What systems and software we have are more geared towards the teaching component."

Computers have been quite successful in the classroom. They are used in a wide range of subjects, from German to Statistics. Anyone who has taken first-year Psychology remembers Sniffy, the computer rat, and his role in the classroom. Computers are primarily intended for these types of activities. This means that if a student is desperately waiting for a computer to finish an assignment, they may "politely ask someone who has been using e-mail for a long time to log off." So far, Computer Services has had no

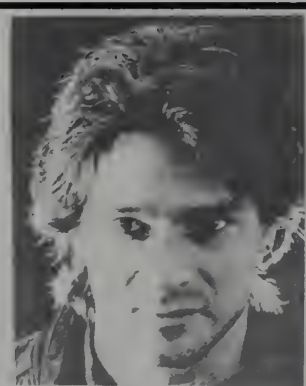
problem with this arrangement.

With the rapidly advancing technology in the computer field, Lim always strives to update computer service at Erindale. The \$7 fee is used to purchase ribbons and paper. Any remaining money at the end of the year used to fund new services. This year, it allowed them to purchase Microsoft Word, which was highly in demand. This summer, Lim is looking into extending the dial-ins, which now connect only to the Unix system, to the Macs and PCs.

With paper costs rapidly rising, the \$7 fee will likely increase by one or two dollars next September. The increase will allow the Computer Centre to cover paper costs and still have enough funds left to continue to update the system.

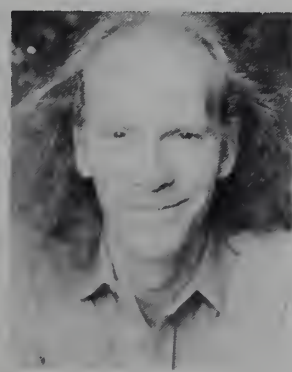
Currently, the computers get about 5000 users throughout the year, including students and faculty. All students are encouraged to take advantage of the expanding services available to them. "The Computer Centre is always happy to take suggestions," says Lim.

Thursdays Fridays Saturdays

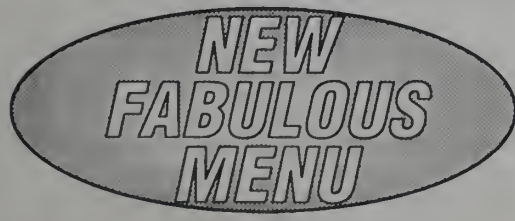


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CORRECTIONS

1) In last week's election coverage, *medium II* reported that the number of votes in favour of repealing Section 4 of the ECSU Constitution totalled 342; the actual number is 392.

2) On page 7, we reported that Otavio Cicconi finished third in the race for Clubs Administrator. Cicconi finished second with 236 votes, Harmeet Badhwar finished third with 163 votes, and Marco Marrocco finished first with 348 votes.

3) The correct spelling of the third place finisher for Clubs Administrator is Harmeet Badhwar.

medium II would like to take this opportunity to sincerely apologize for any 'inconvenience' that these mistakes may have caused, and we look forward to bringing you accurate and up-to-date information in the future.

Editorial



medium II

MARCH 27 1995
VOLUME 21 ISSUE 25
CIRCULATION 5,000

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Spring has sprung! Folks are flirting,
birds are chirping and grades are
dropping...I'm plagiarizing

I'm a part-time student. Fortunately, I do not have the academic pressure that most full-time students endure. One word about us part-timers, we also have jobs (some even have families). With the advent of Spring, most students don't have much to look forward to. Spring means that you will have at least three essays due in March and about the same number of exams in April.

Those first-year students are really in trouble. This ain't high school anymore. Extensions are not granted when your dog eats your paper. In University you get an extension only if you lose your writing hand in a lumber mill accident. Even then, most of us can type with at least two fingers of our left hand.

For those of you who are stressed out and wondering if you're going to make it. I decided to take some time out to give you a boost, a pick-me-up, a shot-in-the-arm, because I have been there. I'm not now but I was.

In my first year (which was five years ago) I had three major assignments and two term tests due in the same three-week period. My roommate decided that the best thing for me would be to ingest several "Wake-ups". You know, the box of pills with the rooster on it.

I took too many and felt like I had been awake for three consecutive days when in fact it was only four hours past my bed-time. Taking those little pink pills did not enhance my performance. I stayed up until seven in the morning. My term test was at 1 p.m. and my essay was due at 3 p.m. I had a quick decision to make. Would I stay awake for the next five hours and make that last attempt to earn a mark worthy of the effort I had put into it? Would I sleep? Oh, how I wanted to sleep. The pills had taken a toll on my body. I felt like I had a hang-over: aching bones, headache, broken blood vessels in my eyes. You name it, I felt it. I decided to fall asleep. My body won over my mind. Descartes would be disappointed.

The five hours did me good. I attacked that term test with a vengeance, answering questions on events of our political history I never knew took place. I got a 77%. Hardly an A, but considering that I also had an essay due that same day, and received an 83% on that, I could deal with a 77.

The point of this rant? (And it is a rant, you know.) You are not alone. When you see your friend walking by with dark circles under their eyes, hunched shoulders and a pile of books in their arms, you'll realize they're in this with you.

Speaking of books, how many of you can't take out books because your library fines are too high. Been there. Once I had about 25 books charged at one time and the library was sending me all these notices informing me that I owed them \$84 for a book I had supposedly lost. Well, was I surprised when I needed more books and wasn't allowed to take any out. I kept those books I had charged out previously. I held them ransom. There was no way I would surrender those books. If I was not going to get a good mark on this essay, no one else would.

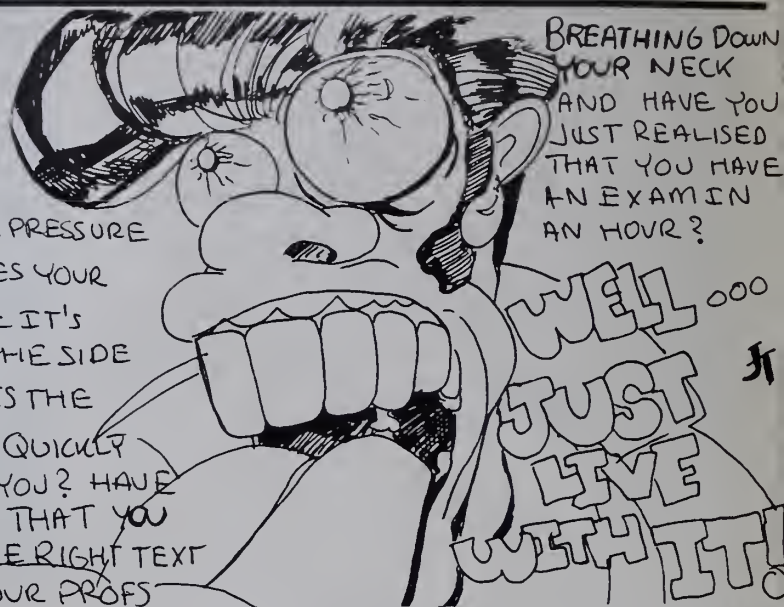
Essentially, what you're going through is what every undergrad across Canada is going through. Although it seems like the workload is never-ending and the pressure on your brain will never subside, it will. We have all been there. Just think....you have a summer vacation (working long hours for low pay) to look forward to. You get to enjoy yourself (take summer courses to bring your GPA up). Cheer up...it's almost over.

IS THE STRESS
GETTING TO YOU,
ARE YOUR FRIENDS
STARTING TO THINK
YOU LOOK LIKE
ELVIS? HOW DO
YOU FEEL? IS THE PRESSURE
BUILDING UP? DOES YOUR
BRAIN FEEL LIKE IT'S
GOING BLOW OUT THE SIDE
OF YOUR HEAD? IS THE
END OF THE YEAR QUICKLY
CLOSING IN ON YOU? HAVE
YOU JUST REALIZED THAT YOU
HAVE N'T READ THE RIGHT TEXT
BOOK? ARE YOUR PROFS

*medium II editorials
were ill-conceived,
biased, misinformed*

I would like to inform those who have not heard about the ECARA Election Committee's ruling on the charges brought forth against Frank Lorusso and Mike Giordano. The charges were found to be only minor infractions and the candidates were penalized with 25 hours of community service. The Election Committee is made up of non-partisan members who made an intelligent and informed decision which was accepted by all parties involved. That is the end of the story.

I would also like to inform all of you who read this that both of the above candidates as well as Matt Barrese, Angelo Romano, and myself, Bahroz Nejatie, were all subject to dirt-slashing by other candidates and racial slurs and false accusations by others during campaign week and voting days. Not one of us whined even though some of us lost. Some people just can't come to grips with losing. Well let me break the news to all you Tracy Canneys, Jon Harts, and Omar Rampauls; nothing in life is guaranteed! You lost and you should accept it; I did. You didn't see me run to my mommy crying because I lost the election. That's life; when you run you should expect the worst. Doing otherwise would be arrogant and self-centred. If you were bright enough you would have campaigned at the pub, you would go up to each and every person you saw in the school and try to get their vote, you would go around the halls embarrassing yourself with fluorescent signs to get elected, you would go door-to-door at the residences and meet the voters one-on-one. They showed everyone that they care and they have concern for the students' needs. When people see you work your pants off trying to get voted in, then they respect you for your hard work and they know you are going to work just as hard when elected. They did not rely on their Ball Hockey teammates, their "connections", or their popularity



to win the election. They did not get "in" because they cheated. Standing 19 feet (instead of 25) from a polling station or asking people near the polls for information does not comprise cheating. Telling people to vote and only to vote is not cheating. I don't know where these "well-informed" journalists get their facts from. Of all those people who filed complaints, only two showed up at the Election Committee hearing, and they left rejected with their whining effort to get a re-election. Justice was upheld and served. Thanks for coming out. End of the story. Sort of.

I'm almost done. Mr. Henley in his ill-conceived, over-biased, and misinformed editorial, mentioned that the candidates (Barrese and Lorusso) used illegal "maneuvers and tactics" to win the election. He talks about getting the facts straight from the source then he ignorantly blows hot air aimed at destroying the image of the candidates he doesn't even know. Henley did not mention that he is a ball hockey pal of Jon Hart. Jon Hart was just sore that he lost the election.

What is Henley talking about when he says "political shenanigans" and "loopholes"? The election committee heard all sides and made its decision and that was the end of that story. If the candidates were truly guilty of such horrible crimes why then did they only get such small punishments. Henley's low-blows call his own "integrity and qualifications" into question. He should be the last person to talk about integrity and qualifications. I know it's hard not to be biased, but Henley went too far with his witless trash-talk. The only thing he is qualified for is T-R-A-S-H Processing on his little computer.

I was upset to see so many people jump at Frank's, Matt's, and Mike's throats. The Editorial's boxed-in quip was simply an unprofessional piece of (for a lack of a better word) riffraff aimed at degrading the three candidate's names. As a concerned student and candidate that also lost I was wondering if these same people would also throw their aborted

progeny at me if I had won. They don't know me, they have never met me, and don't know of my past experience in athletics and athletic organizations but they would drag my name through dirt without any hesitation. And then they dare call themselves "Informed Journalists". Please, Tamara Wickens, don't let your respected paper go to the dogs by allowing rubbish to appear in a paper that is a great source of information for all U of T students.

Bahroz Nejatie

*Editorial skewed
by opposition to
candidates*

Ted Henley's editorial was obviously skewed by personal opposition to candidates Matt Barrese and Frank Lorusso.

His assertion that "political shenanigans... call into question (their) integrity and qualifications" was far off the mark. Firstly, the actions of the candidates cannot call into question their qualifications. The candidates neither broke nor bent any rules. They were 25 feet from the poll as stated in ECARA's official election rules. The rules also state that they should leave the polling area. The candidates thought it was in their best interest to remain in view of the polls. Secondly, these so-called "shenanigans" consisted of reminding people to vote. Henley should realize that 866 voters, while a good turnout, is far below the over 7000 eligible voters. People at Erindale need reminders!

Barrese's drive and spirit won him this election and while perhaps, in your eyes, he is under-qualified you must admit it will be nice to have a leader who can light a spark under his committee.

Throughout the campaign period these candidates were out answering questions and making themselves known. The students of Erindale responded by voting for them. Is it not time we put the matter to rest? We've given them the "ball", let them run with it.

Name withheld upon request

Cheer up. It's almost over is right. The joke issue is coming up. Won't it be fun poking fun at everyone and proving more and more that we are the beacon of integrity on this campus? Ted: Just think. You get to spend the rest of your life hearing about what you do wrong. Oh Joy. Menny: I tell you it's competition. I know you don't believe me but it is. Tim: Good work. Stop socializing about the Cirque de Soleil and Haagen Daza. How did that get in the freezer? Jamie: Good work! I'm sorry I had to call you back. Paul: A little late? That's good though. We'll be here forever. Mike: Mike. Mike Mike. ECARA? Mistake on ads. Hey. There's only one issue left. Staff party...on ECSU. Sorry, I was dreaming.

Perspectives

Henley exercised no tact

This letter is in response to an article written by Ted Henley entitled, "Candidates make a mockery of ECARA's election."

As an Erindale student I wish to express my opinion on the lack of tact used in this article. This article makes reference to the integrity and qualifications of Frank Lorusso and Matt Barrese. My concern surrounds the fact that these individuals are being demeaned and disrespected without being given the opportunity to defend their honour. They are being judged on their ability to perform a job before they have been given a chance to show what they have to give.

It is with this letter that I would like to show my respect and give my support to Frank Lorusso and Matt Barrese. These men are exceptional individuals who are willing to give their all to the positions they have been elected into, and to represent the student body as ECARA council members. I congratulate all the newly elected members of ECARA council and wish them all the best for the upcoming year.

Rebecca Tucci

Religious groups showed no respect for non-believers

Re: The "Impact" religious group that was in the South Building on March 20.

I find it amazing that the University of Toronto would allow a group of individuals to come here and "preach" Christian doctrine. For the record, I am a Christian myself and a firm believer in God. However, I would never force my views down the throats of a population, especially a university population, where there is such a vast number of cultures, religious beliefs, and so on. This fiasco showed no respect for such people as Atheists, Muslim, and so on. Religion has no place in a university, except in the context of learning of it in a classroom, as a course; nothing else.

I'm sure some will argue that one of the main things about being a Christian is to spread the word of God, but there's a time and a place for that. University of Toronto students can find their way to a church on their own if they want to. I don't know who allowed this to occur, but they showed a complete lack of consideration for a significant number of Erindale students.

John Fraresso

Pointing fingers may be cut off

Last Friday at 1 p.m., Erindale's ball hockey spectators witnessed something that the soccer community has tried to achieve for years: entertainment accompanied by many goals. The scoring in the game was phenomenal, and during the game, from the players' viewpoint, the fans were loving every minute of it. Their enthusiasm was only outmatched by Matt Perotta's, who achieved a top five standing while playing only 6 games. Quite an accomplishment for a player not even considered for the all-star game! The fans cheered at the antics we have grown to love in Red Star Erindale matches—an undermanned team with a lot of heart, most of which goes toward show-boating. It is no surprise that some rumours and blasphemous accusations arose from such a wholesome game.

Perhaps we have forgotten the purpose of this sport: to promote camaraderie and play for fun, when nothing is on the line, which was the case last Friday. Red Star Erindale, a team that had not fared well this year, had only their final season standings left to be determined. A team that cannot pro-

ceed any further, or lose anything from proceeding in any other direction, would have only one driving factor in their final game—to have fun. If one wishes to point out that a loss or a tie would allow the Knights of Lancaster to avoid playing Who's Next, I would like to ask, Who Cares? What if Red Star's pride drove them to tie or win so that they wouldn't finish in the bottom of the barrel? Had the game actually been thrown, as alleged by some, wouldn't it have been in the best interest of both teams to tie. The truth remains that the Knights of Lancaster lost their undefeated streak in this game. Both teams were out to play a friendly game, almost like pick-up, and thus competitiveness and hard "D" was not as important as offence.

The final game of the season ended memorably, with lots of flair and unfortunately, scandalous allegations. Knights of Lancaster threw the game to Red Star Erindale—see "Thrown game hurts integrity of entire league". Why automatically assume that the alleged thrown game had been conspired by Knights of Lancaster; why not suggest Who's Next? Why not Red Star? Perhaps Red Star had thrown the game? What if they won purposely so that Who's Next would not have to play Knights of Lancaster? Maybe Who's Next talked the Red Star team into winning the game in the

dying seconds so that they would not have to face the "superior B team" (Knights). Or if such speculation of throwing games is being considered, perhaps Who's Next convinced Knights of Lancaster to lose to Red Star Erindale so that they would not have to play each other in the first round?

These are many questions to which our "friend" Jeff Kostyniuk thought he had an answer, but one is forced to ask, why raise the questions in the first place? Don't get me wrong, Jeff's a great guy and everything, but it would be advisable if he spent more time on his election campaign than on us and our "crazy" antics. We love the publicity and everything, but come on Jeff, some of us aren't as innocent of throwing games as we'd like to be, now are we?

Red Star Erindale

LETTERS POLICY

medium II accepts all letters but will not publish those that incite violence against an identifiable group or person, those that are clearly racist, homophobic, sexist or libelous. Letters will be published at the discretion of the Editor and may be edited for brevity and coherence. Priority will be given to timely topics and new writers. Drop off all letters to medium II, Room F18 in the Crossroads Building.

Everybody's afraid of dem..An' dey don't want want to look like rats or nuttin'

My good friend, Suzy "The Throat" Delving, phoned me last night at 3 a.m. from a pay phone on the waterfront. She was tired and nervous. Suzy had just arrived from Ottawa after a week of testifying before the Bartlett Royal Commission looking into corruption and apparent vote fixing surrounding the recent election of the 1995-96 Canadian University Tiddlywinks Governing Council.

GUEST COLUMN
BY JOHN MORRIS

"Did ya' hear da lat-est?" whispered Suzy.

"Joey 'The Nail' Bonono gots 'is little brodda elected to the council so's he can lets 'is friends play. Ain't nuttin' nobody can do 'bout it neidder. T'ree guys from de same tiddlywinks team gots elected to the council. Joey an' his friends was seen droppin' pamphlets down on de voters from a hot air balloon on 'lection day."

"But it's only tiddlywinks," I said. "Who cares about tiddlywinks?" "It's big stuff 'round here," said Suzy, "A million dollar operation, and the Mafia wants to control da whole eastern seaboard division." "The Mafia? Come on Suzy, they run gambling, prostitution and narcotics rings, not intramural University tiddlywinks," I replied incredulously. "I mean, it's a fun game, sure, we played it as kids."

"No no, there's more den dat. You know

how da mafia always says dat dey gives to da poor and protect da little guy's interests? Like da Columbian drug lords say dat dey help da starving farmers even though dey's selling cocaine?"

"I don't quite follow you Suzy, but go on."

"Well," she says, pausing to check around to see if she was being watched, "Joey says dat de same guys bin runnin the council for seven years and dat only his little brudda can make it all equal for da udder students. Joey says he gots ethics too. Learned it from big Stevey 'The Squid' View."

"The media giant who got away with borrowing \$35 million and then took off to the Middle East leaving hois employees responsible for paying it back."

"Same guy," said Suzy.

"Geeze, some role model.

Okay. But why Tiddlywinks? What's in it for him?"

"Dey takes it real serious like. Dey says dat de winner of de whole champeenship gets a meeting wit God."

At this point I straightened up in bed and groped about for a cigarette. "A meeting with God? I thought only the Dali Lama or the Pope got to meet with God."

"Dat's what dey say. I'm tellin' ya, big stuff. De University Intramural Tiddlywinks League is da biggest intramural league in de world, and de players will do anyt'ing ta win."

"Like what," I asked her, beginning to wake up, "Do they cheat during the season, pay off refs and the like?"

"Well, dat, can't be proved. But Joey played on his little brodda's team, and he wasn't even a student. Dey had dose games declared

defaults an' he gots real mad like. Says he didn't know. An' anudder team threw a game so's dat dey could play a weaker team. De captain faked a hangnail."

Over the phone I could hear the ice breaking up around the bow of a freighter in the harbour. The sun would soon be up, and I knew that Suzy hated daylight. "If it's a meeting with God they want, why don't they all join the Baptist Ministry Club or something like that," I asked Suzy who was getting edgy by this time.

"Dis ways more fun," she said, "An der ain't no priest or anyt'ing watchin' over dem in tiddlywinks."

"Look Suzy," I tried to reassure her, "I know that you can't tell me everything that went on inside Judge Bartlett's chambers, but did these guys

get suspended or are the elections still considered valid?"

"Dat's de whole t'ing, everybody's afraid of dem. An' dey don't want to look like rats or nuttin'."

By this time I realized that a real scandal was brewing. I had to use my contacts to get the message out to students everywhere. A million dollars is a tidy heap of money to be left to a select few whose only goal is a personal interview with 'Old Harry.'

"What can I do Suzy?"

"Nuttin'. Der's not enough evidence to do nuttin'. Jus' keep your eyes peeled das' all."

"I will," I promised. "Next year we'll hire our own hot air balloon and fire darts into any suspicious flying objects on election day."

"Can I come up wit' ya?"

"Sure Suzy, you can be the captain."



MEDIUM II PUBLICATIONS ELECTIONS NOTICE

Resumés and cover letters are being accepted for the following hired positions:
Business Manager
Ad Design Co.-Ordinator
Distribution Manager
Copy Editors, Typesetters

BOARD OF PUBLISHERS

Nominations are now open for the Medium II Publications Board of Publishers. Any full-time student may be nominated but must provide some prior evidence of involvement in medium II. Nominations close on April 3 at 5 p.m. Candidates must not be members of the ECSU council, SAC council or ECARA. Please drop by our office at the Crossroads for an election package and a nomination sheet. All full-time students are eligible to vote in the Board of Publishers Election.

If you have any questions regarding the available positions please contact Tamara Wickens

Arts

Canadian Music Week blasts through Toronto



Leading the charge: Canadian Music Week featured performances from extremely diverse acts. Left to right, Steven Stanley, Universal Honey bassist Johnny Sinclair, Universal Honey vocalist/guitarist Leslie Stanwyck, and Victims of Luxury bassist Andy Ghandour.

photos by Manfred Sittmann

By MANFRED SITTMANN

Music fans across the city feasted on live music over the past seven days as Canadian Music Week rolled into Toronto.

More than two hundred bands invaded clubs throughout the city for the week-long celebration of Canadian talent.

The festival consisted of a number of speaking engagements, seminars and multi-media showcases, but the primary focus was on live music.

Leading the way Friday night were the Rivoli and the Ultrasound Showbar, which featured diverse line-ups crossing musical genres.

The Rivoli kicked off their Friday night show with a performance by mainstays Sour Landslide. Their energetic sound, reminiscent of the Replacements and Husker Du, was later offset dramatically by Victims of Luxury. VOL combine their Kiss-influenced upbringing with their East Indian heritage, encompassing synthesized sitars and power-guitar chords.

"It's no big deal for us to do all that," said bassist Andy Ghandour prior to their set. "It's all part of our heritage."

Their set, comprised of powerful jolts à la Rage Against the Machine, was enhanced by under-

stated melodies and an upfront stage presence.

"Long live new wave," said singer Yaz Atout after their personalized rendition of Gary Numan's "Cars".

Later, Ultrasound showcased ex-Lowest of the Low guitarist Steve Stanley's new band. Stanley had been playing solo shows since the band's demise.

"Hi, we're Steve Stanley," he said to the sold-out crowd.

Stanley proceeded to rifle through a set of tightly-knit pop tunes, reaffirming his prowess as a solo songwriter. Stanley's still unnamed band has been playing shows around Ontario as of late.

Bringing the evening to its climax was Universal Honey who finally lured the throngs of onlookers onto the dance floor.

The polished-pop outfit recently signed a new record deal with an independent American label. In addition, they are still under contract with BMG records for distribution of their first CD *Magic Basement*.

"It's great. Things are really starting to move along," said singer Leslie Stanwyck tuning up backstage. "The audiences have really been great lately."

After the show, a visibly excited Stanwyck assessed the performance.

"The people dancing up front were great," said Stanwyck. "We really had a lot of fun."

Other acts on the bill Friday were recent Virgin records signees Change of Heart. COH played the Horseshoe Tavern with King Cobb Steelie. Saturday's performers included Tristen Psionic, Smoother, Sian, Hayden and treble charger.

treble charger recently turned down a lucrative record deal with Sony Music in favour of the smaller label Sonic Unyon.

Among the insiders staying on top of the scene were CFNY's Dave Bookman, The Toronto Star's Peter Howell, and a number of record company executives.

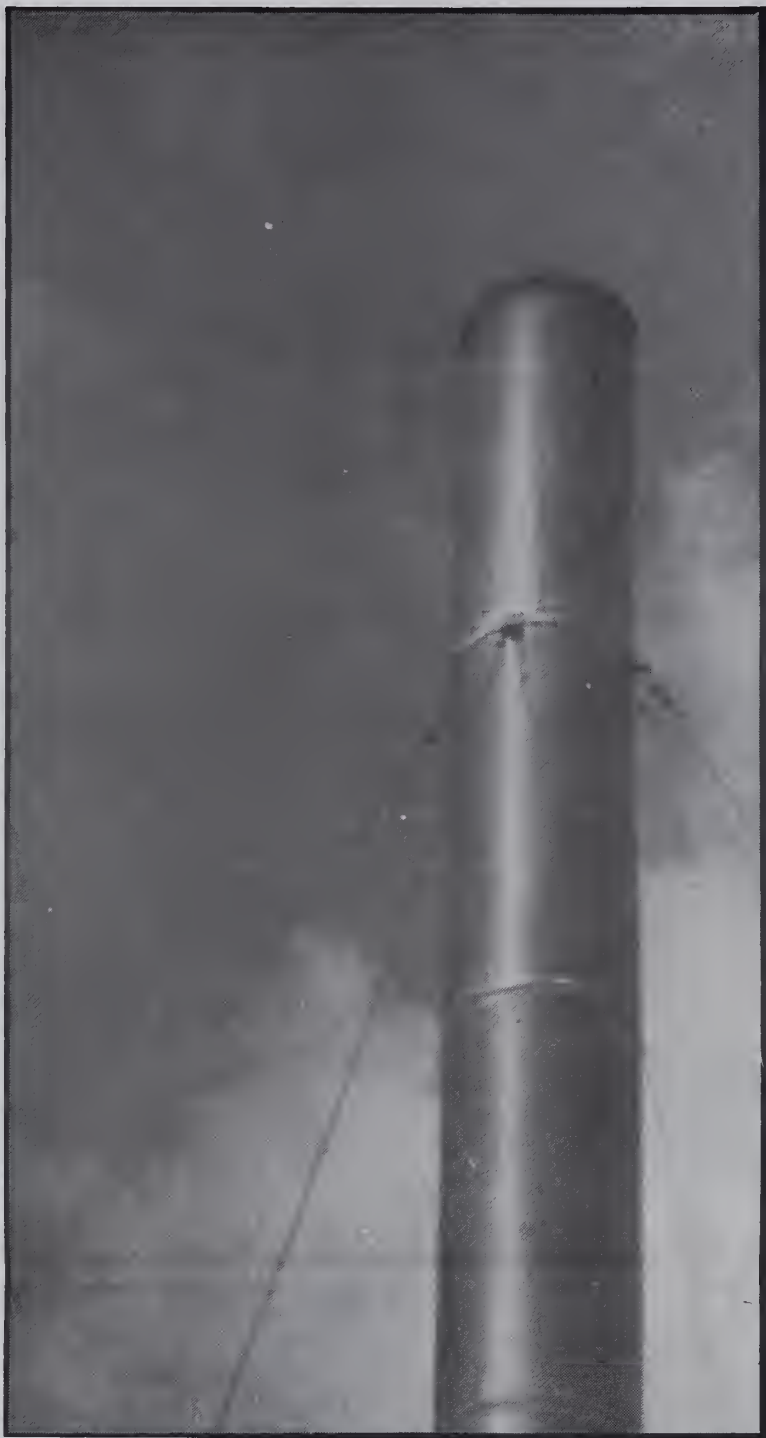
Goin' South Tonight?

It isn't plastic. It doesn't glow in the dark. And if you ever need to know what time it is to the tenth of a second, you're gonna have to ask someone. You know it. It's the watch your dad gave you. And it tells more than the time.



OUR VOICES

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PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR: JAMIE TYNDALL



WHEN DEATH CAME YOUR WAY.

(IN MEMORY OF VICENTE DIAZ)

I remember your troubled but generous heart.
I remember your presence as it stood quite apart.
I remember your stern and red poker face.
I remember you'd flaunt your dealt hand with such grace.
And even at loss, you'd put up a good fight.

I wish I knew more, but we had always been far.
I wish I'd been more than a kin from afar.
I wish you had known that you had my respect.
I wish you had known when your disease would inflict.
We lost a great man when Death came your way.

Memories remain, and there they shall stay,
until that last day when Death comes my way.

J.E.

Jaime Espinoza on inspiration: While many find solace through happy idealism and what can or should be, I find inspiration through realism and 'what is and what should never be'. My creative work is a reflection of this. I focus on horror, comedy and naturalism since they are personally gratifying and among the most challenging genres to work with.

TRIAL OF WITCHES

Religion found its source from life
as ancient folk made ancient gods.
To see that life was well preserved,
they sacrificed to please these gods.

New faiths spawned and others branched,
and gods 'matured' to challenge rivals.
In time these faiths would meet and clash.
Only growth or merge ensured survival.

Ancient Rome and its Greek-based myths
gave way to Christ and Constantine.
With clever schemes and new found truths,
the Roman Rule was emphasized.

Paranoid of the dark unknown,
many feared the witch's ways.
Their wicked spells and Evil Eye
'could kill all those who met its gaze'.

With numbers, time and power ripe,
Pope Innocent VIII cried holy war.
The Inquisition was imposed
on heretics, witches, sinners and liars.

Obsessed to rid of 'blasphemy',
Europe spread its savage trials.
Many bound and pricked or drowned
to find the evil mark of devils.

Bodies burned and filled the sky
with stench of flesh and innocent ash.
'For you dear God, we sacrifice!'
but God with shame, can't bear to watch.

Jaime Espinoza



MY GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

I am ten years old and it is eight o'clock in the morning. My parents drop my two brothers and myself off at my grandmother's house at number one Carlton Avenue in St. James, Trinidad. I cry as I see their sky-blue Datsun disappear in traffic. I am not really sad to see them go. I know they will come back. I am really mad that they left us at my grandmother's house. I would prefer to spend two more weeks at summer camp than stay with my grandmother.

I do not remember a time when I enjoyed going to my grandmother's house. There are several reasons why I hate being at the red and white house on the corner of Carlton Avenue. The worn brown carpet smells like old shoes. She makes us sit on the floor to watch the old black and white television. She does not allow us to sit on her velvety living-room set. I really hate sitting on the smelly carpet.

I would go out and play in the yard, but there is no yard. My grandmother, who we call Mother, has a garden full of rose bushes. I really hate those rose bushes. They have sharp thorns that pull on my clothes and Mother does not want us near them anyway.

Every morning that I go to her house she brings out a bowl of raw rice, which she gives me to clean. I have to take out all the dirty grains. I hate cleaning rice, but I hate it more when Mother tells me that I did not do a good job and I have to do it again.

Mother always has chores for me to do. I sweep the mossy walkway with a broom made of coconut branches. Sometimes I wash the dishes. My cousin Debbie has to clean the guts out of the chicken. When I am twelve Mother says I will learn how to do this. I hope I never get to be twelve.

Shower-time is another time I dread. The bathroom is dark and gloomy. Mother does not have hot water. I think one day I will die of pneumonia bathing in that cold water. My grandmother insists on bathing me. She scrubs me as if I am soiled laundry. She sticks her finger down my throat and tells me to spit. I do not see

why this must always be a part of her bathing ritual. Her favorite bathing ritual, though, is slapping me on my rear end while she sings out "Big Butt". She says that I have the biggest butt she has ever seen. I hate it when she slaps me.

I think what I hate most about being at my grandmother's house is having to sleep during the day. She always makes us go to sleep after lunch. My four cousins, my two brothers and I have to squeeze into two beds in a room that is painted the ugliest blue. In the corners, we are not allowed to touch the walls. Mother yells, "stop leaning on the partition," if anyone puts any part of their body on the wall.

When I get up from my afternoon nap my grandmother plays with me. She makes clothes for my Barbies. Mother has a cupboard full of dolls. My Mummy said some of the dolls were older than she was. My grandmother's room is like a toy shop.

She has stuffed toys and ceramic animals in every available space. No one is allowed to touch her precious collection. I hate that I cannot play with her toys.

Finally, it is five o'clock and my parents arrive. I get into the car. I refuse to wave

good-bye to my grand-

not go to Mother's house. We go to the YMCA's day camp.

Now I am twenty-one years old. My parents have decided to move in with my grandmother until it is time for us to migrate to Canada. We will live with her for five months. I tell them the idea stinks. We move in with her anyway.

The first morning I go into Mother's cold bathroom. Somehow it is not as cold as I remember it. It does not seem nearly as dark as it did when I was ten. My grandmother does not come into the bathroom to scrub me or hit my bottom.

I ask Mother if she needs help cleaning the rice; she says I do not have to. I sit with her while she cleans the rice. She is almost blind, but she does not miss a dirty grain. She asks me about my job and I ask her about her rose bushes.

When she finishes cleaning the rice she invites me to look at the soap operas on her new colour television. She tells me to sit next to her on the sofa. I don't know if the carpet still smells.

In the afternoon I do not have to take a nap. Mother teaches me how to sew clothes for myself. After the sewing lesson I give her some of my old stuffed toys to add to her collection. She smiles as she finds a place to put her new treasures.

It is five o'clock. My parents arrive. Mother and I are sitting on the front porch. We talk about people passing and she shows me her rose bushes. The rose bushes are really beautiful. There are pink, yellow, red, white, and wine coloured roses. I have to go to the gym now. As I leave I kiss her good-bye and I tell her that I love her. I am happy to be staying at the red and white house on Carlton Avenue.

I am twenty-three. I arrive at our new home in Oakville. It is five o'clock. As I walk through the front door I see Mummy sitting on the sofa. She is crying. She tells me Mother died. I will never return to the red and white house on the corner of Carlton Avenue.

Laurisa O'Brien

mother.

'I am never going back there,' I yell as we drive off. My brothers agree that they would prefer to go to summer camp. The next day we do

Laurisa O'Brien on creation: Conception of idea, development, laboring, producing, molding, pride. For me, writing a story is a miracle comparable to child-birth.

Death Be My Friend

Death you are but a sweet dream,
I can hear your gentle murmur
and I am not afraid.
I can sense your shadow walking with mine
and I am not afraid.
I can feel the cold wave that you send to me
and I am not afraid.
Death be my friend,
For I know no other
that will take me fully
without any regrets.
I welcome you, my dear friend,
with a willing and a true heart
For I know in your presence,
I'll be free.

Patricia Silva



photo by Timothy Speck

Prayer

O Lord, I pray today
maybe one day we may change.

For every step of our life made
we have destroyed life you have saved.

And every tree which you have planted
and every creature you gave life to

We have abused, we took for granted,
and we destroyed what we not knew.

O Lord I pray that maybe one day
we'll understand the pain we give;

All you have made we'll see the same;
Instead of killing we'll help it live.

I also pray you'll make us see
YOU have created plants and trees.

How do we dare for comfort ours
to kill and destroy what is all yours?

May you give air pureness it needs.
May you give nature awesome seeds

That it may live and be restored,
that we will stop... stop to destroy.

Please let me see how I can change.
I pray in precious Jesus' name. Amen.

Joshua

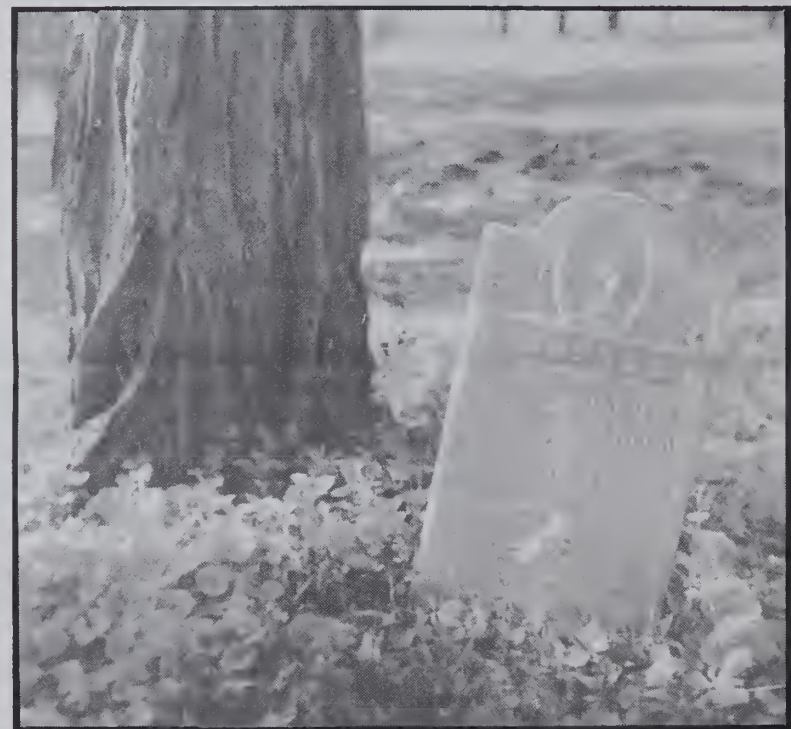


photo by Jamie Tyndall

I Am Afraid

I am afraid that one day I
won't be in control of myself and I
don't know where I'll end up.
I am afraid of the dark shadows
that play upon my face when people
speak of life's glory and beauty.
I am afraid of not living up to my
own expectations and remaining
helpless in my own little world.
I am afraid above all
of being alone with my
sick thoughts.

Patricia Silva

Patricia Silva on mummies and therapy: I am a second year Sociology/Psychology major, fascinated with Egyptology, currently working on a book of poetry and aspiring to becoming a psychiatrist.

Adam Kruszynski on the existential odyssey: pen-name 'KWAJS TWOL' (1980-93) and 'JOSHUA' (1993->); third year in Erindale. A non-denominational Christian poet/writer frustrated with reality of today's world and religion searching for God, Truth and Self.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT TOME VI EIK21 ZICHL

* An exercise in cliché. Eds.

Believe it or not, it was love at first sight, she said.

I beg to differ, but it's just a flash in the pan, he said.

"You're wrong!" she said. "First and foremost, he has that je ne sai quoi that is second to none. There's something about him that is beyond common herd. He can make time stand still. I love the way he whispers sweet nothings and calls me the apple of his eye. Here's a man after my own heart. At first I played hard to get, but in the spirit of the moment I decided to let nature take its course. It is an affair to remember."

"Him? You're pulling my leg," he said. "Not to put too fine a point on it, I think you're scraping the bottom of the barrel. Every schoolboy knows he's a far cry from the roast beef of old England. Strictly speaking, he has that lean and hungry look that rubs me the wrong way. He's bad to the bone. That good for nothing could start an argument in an empty room. And you've got to take into account

soul just because you have a wedgie in your chastity belt. What if he dumps you?"

"For better or for worse, I've got to give love a chance," she said. "If the worst comes to the worst, it stands to reason that 'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

"I don't mean to rain on your parade," he said, "but there's more here than meets the eye. He's a wolf in sheep's clothing. Look, I'll lay the cards on the table. In a nutshell, when it comes to cherchez la femme, this guy has a finger in every pie. The more the merrier. To add insult to injury, he spares no expense when it comes to his clandestine affairs, with your money. I know I'm on the money because he and your hated rival are thick as thieves. I got it straight from the horse's mouth."

"Her? Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth," she said.

"Trust me," he said.

"I feel dazed and confused," she said. "Between you, me and the bedpost, if it weren't for the fact I'm having such a bad hair day, I'd drown my sorrows in the nearest bar. Now that you've put this bee in my bonnet, I have to blow off some steam. I'm going to read him the riot act. He'll have to face the music."



that he may be after your money. I think you're playing with fire. Avoid him like the plague."

"I wasn't born yesterday. I know he's a bird in borrowed plumes but I have to give him the benefit of the doubt. We both know I'm not a spring chicken. How can I reach for the sky when the halcyon days of my youth beat a hasty retreat ages ago. What's worse, I've got more rolls now than a bakery. I know I'm in a race against time, you don't have to rub my nose in it. What am I to do -- die in the odour of sanctity? I know full well that I have to make the best of a bad situation. After all, things aren't what they used to be. The honest truth is with my family gone I have this aching void to fill. It goes without saying that I've got to seize the moment. Besides, you shouldn't judge a book by its cover," she said.

"You're generous to a fault," he said. "But you shouldn't sell your

"Do what you must according to the dictates of your conscience," he said. "Every dog has its day— just don't eat your heart out. You'll get over it, soon enough. Better to stay calm, cool and collected. In the cold light of reason, you'll see the divine order of things. Besides, his fate is sealed. Without your money, his hands are tied. And we all know that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. So make the punishment fit the crime. Without the land of milk and honey, he can't make ends meet. He'll get more than he bargained for at the end of the road."

"Oh well, live and learn," she said.

"Better still," he said, "shop 'til you drop."

Raven Rowanchilde

Raven Rowanchilde on piercing prose: When she is not tattooing and piercing sensitive parts of her body, Raven loves to subject faculty and students to graphic slide presentations of pierced and tattooed genitalia.

THE PIANIST

Winter:

Toronto

O night of silver, blue

Battleship grey,

Embrace me.

I am lost in the folds of the street,

A small shadow in blue shoes.

A solitary figure

Hunched in an overcoat

Humming Bach:

I quicken

My pace.

(Blue shoes smack against the wet sidewalk)

Shadows now in synch, I breathe and begin:

"I...":

Am lost for words,

On this cold street.

The snowy silence engulfs us

And I think I have become

Deaf,

Until words come to frostbitten ears:

"Ah, good evening ma'am!"

Smiling,

As if we have met a hundred times before.

Conversation continues the length of streets and days:

Winter's abyss has isolated us from

Time and space.

And I feel no cold beneath my feet.

The pianist asked me up for tea.

Penthouse:

Cluttered

Crumpled scores, unopened mail, a piano

I touch it lovingly with

Feigned nonchalance:

(I wonder, Mr. Goldberg, I wonder how you played!)

Hours stretch themselves along the floorboards

As words mingle with teacups and Arrowroot crumbs.

Morning:

Early, 3 a.m.

We say our goodbyes

With a yawn from my side.

The moon still lounges in its bath of silvery light,

With beams stretched, altered and lingering over the city;

My thoughts follow, not far behind.

The pianist asked me up for tea.

The player is upon the silent stage.

The first note is struck:

Rustling programs, coughing, whisperings,

I do not hear

(Except the echoing ecstasy from the keys)

As I escape with you to the winter street

Amidst nothing but ourselves.

Elisa Roney

SHALL WE PLAY A GAME?

We sit on either side of the board,

Mismatched players

Pieces on black and white squares.

"I'll be black" I say,

(As it never moves first).

Head in hand, I look across the board

Into black-rimmed glasses

That reflect the checkerboard pattern

And hide large green eyes.

His hands move through his hair.

Hair like shafts of sunlight

In the room.

A black digital watch that beeps at 12 p.m.

Bracelets his thin white wrist

As I frown and plunk down my rook.

"Are you trying to make me win?"

"Shut up Anton."

"Sorry Erzuli."

I sigh deeply, roll my eyes and move, my knight.

"You can't move there!"

"Sorry, sorry, how 'bout this?"

"Check."

I continue moving the pieces awkwardly,

Some of them toppling over.

He moves with a precision unknown

To my inept, ignorant hands

And wins me over every time.

Elisa Roney



Elisa Roney on meandering through the forest: Me... eccentric poet, left-handed lover of literature, Glenn Gould devotee, Margaret Atwood look-alike? My ideal life is spent amidst ocean, thought, pen and paper. Being a first-year English major at the tree-filled Erindale, I am able to revel in all things literary with ease. Writing is my passion, purpose and life. I choose to flow not with the crowd, yet in my own river.

REDISCOVERING KATE

North York. The Bureau of Broadcast Measurement, BBM for short. This is where I worked. My job was to call people from all over Canada to convince them to do surveys. The surveys had many purposes: they found out what radio or TV stations people liked, how well politicians served their constituents or how well banks served their customers.

When at BBM, I dismissed my common sense; this was the only way I could do well there and the only way to keep a job I hated. Shift after shift, I felt the same sense of anxiety at the prospect of losing my job. But I kept coming back. It was the best thing that happened to me in a long time. And it was Kate that made me feel this way.

Kate sat in the grey cubicle next to me and agonized over the script. We dialed refusals. This meant we had to call back people that had refused to participate. Anything could happen and sometimes did. Most respondents were polite. Every so often, a respondent solicited my phone number, explaining that I sounded sexy. Most of the time they were female but sometimes they were male. I think the males were about as gay as I was. They were just trying to get a reaction. As long as they weren't rude, our job was to stick with the script and convince them to take part in the survey.

I listened to Kate. "Hi, my name is Kate. I'm calling from BBM, the radio ratings company. We conduct research for both TV and radio stations across the country. Are you a member of this household?" We were graded for efficiency and condemned to efficiency. No common sense was needed because there was no sense to use it. Any deviation from the script might spoil our chances for raises. So we stuck to it. Following the script made us sound stupid. Sometimes people asked if I was a computer. The questions were sincere. These people didn't think I *sounded* like a computer. They thought I was a computer. Who could blame them?

Kate looked over at me. I knew that look, that look Kate and I shared. I looked over to the supervisor's desk and grabbed Kate's hand. "When was the last time you felt like crying?"

She activated the mute button on her phone, laughed, then sighed. "What time is it now, Alek?" She deactivated the mute function and listened to the respondent. I think the respondent yelled at her for calling so late. It was ten minutes after nine. We sat at two of one hundred sixty-eight grey cubicles. The radio enumerators were on one side, the television enumerators on the other. We sat there and we dialed.

I tolerated the grey walls, the grey carpeting, and the

somber notion that I must have done something wrong to end up in a place like this. Fluorescent light flickered over me. Cold air from the duct above me pounded against my head. I felt as if my brain would freeze. I stopped dialing for a moment. I listened to the sound. Over one hundred fifty human beings chattering scripts. The majority were teenagers. Some were university age. Others were laid-off vice-presidents,

teachers or whatever. The sound of suffocated inspiration hovered over me, around me and under me. But the air, that stale air in the interviewer department, matched the mood. Day after day, suffocation begot suffocation.

Human beings shouldn't be forced to talk to each other this way. When we asked people's names, we spelled them back to them. It didn't matter how simple and obvious their names were. Even a name like Mary Smith invoked the same response by the interviewer, "Oh, is that spelled M-A-R-Y-S-M-I-T-H?" Every time I read the script I felt dehumanized. Everybody I talked to at BBM gave me the same impression, although no one ever said so. It would be stating the obvious. It would be corny. It could get us fired.

In the middle of the room sat the supervisors, the breeders of suffocation. They sat at their desks listening to our interviews by their phones which were set up to tap into our lines. They looked to defeat any deviation from the scripted pitch.

The job bored me; it bored Kate. The repetition, the strain, the absurdity, symbolized a major part of our experience at BBM. For me, there was only one escape at BBM: Kate. I don't know what Kate's escape was. I didn't care and I never asked. I rarely saw Kate outside of work. I made it a point not to. She did, too. Kate and I had an understanding—no commitments.

The only occasions Kate and I saw one another were the times she flew into Toronto from Bermuda, where she lived. I had not seen much of Kate since she and her family moved from Kitchener to Bermuda in 1987. I was seventeen; she was sixteen. Every few years, Kate came to Toronto; and every few months, I rediscovered Kate.

In 1994, Kate arrived in Toronto to visit her dying aunt. She needed a job during her stay and I told Kate about BBM. I knew Kate could relieve the emptiness I felt at BBM.

Kate could only stay one more month until she had to go back to Bermuda. This meant only one month of work with Kate. I made the most of it. And during that time, I drove Kate home after work every night. And almost every night we had sex. We had sex in the my car in the BBM parking lot, in the park across the street from her Aunt Judy's house, in front of the Royal Bank next to the Pheasant and Firken Pub on Avenue Road, and in Aunt Judy's house.

Kate's last day in Canada arrived. I didn't feel like going into work. I had just said goodbye to her the night before. When I went to work, I saw Kate. She came to work one more time because Neville, our supervisor, asked her to. As always, we took our breaks together and talked. Kate recalled the time two summers ago, when we worked for a telemarketing company downtown. We laughed about how we walked into the place drunk and got hired five minutes later. We laughed at how we got fired three weeks later, went to the Liquor Store, got drunk in a nearby alley and moved along to Yonge Street to beg for change. Fifteen minutes passed and our break was over. We went back to work, at separate sides of the room, until the end of our shift.

Midnight arrived. Kate and I drove to Gabbie's, a regular hang-out of ours. Some of Kate's friends from Bishops University, where Kate graduated from two years ago, were there to say goodbye. It was a Thursday night. The atmosphere was right. I felt good, ready to drink. Another last night with Kate. This was all I could think about. I hated goodbyes.

When we arrived, her friends were there. I knew some of them from Kate's last visit two years ago. It was a long drive back to Mississauga. Neville had asked me to work one last morning shift. It started at 8:30 a.m. We left Kate's friends behind. She would see them

again tomorrow. Kate and I walked to the door. We stood outside the bar. The air was pure and cold. A car sped past us. A guy inside yelled out obscenities into the open, cloudless night sky and a beer bottle crashed onto the street. His joyful shouts subsided in the distance.

"Stay here," I said. "I'll bring the car around." I pulled up to the bar and Kate got in. We headed for her aunt's house about three kilometres down the street.

"It was really nice seeing you again, man," Kate said, like a confession.

"Yeah, it was, it really was. You're okay getting to the



airport tomorrow?"

"What are you doing tomorrow? Come back tomorrow. I'll be at Gabbie's.

"I don't know. I'll see how I feel tomorrow. I've already said bye to you once."

We arrived at Aunt Judy's house. I parked my Neon. We got out. We crossed Yonge Street and walked toward her aunt's house. I knew this was the last time we would see each other. We never talked about it. I just knew. The silence sobered me as we walked toward aunt's apartment.

Kate looked up at me one last time, smiling mischievously. "Alek?" She paused for a moment, looked down and up at me again. "When was the last time you felt sad?"

"What time is it now?" I asked. I fumbled for more words and realized no more were needed.

We walked to the entrance of the building and hugged. 'Goodbye,' was all I said. She turned away from me and opened the door to the lobby. It closed behind her. I looked across the street toward the park where Kate and I shared our secrets, where we forgot our secrets and where we would never conceal ourselves again. I wanted to asked her to stay an extra week, an extra month, even longer. I wanted to ask her if she really wasn't coming back. I didn't know. Maybe she would. But it didn't matter and I knew it. Our experience together was a mere breath. But we had something a goodbye could never defeat. And I knew that, too.

Alek Milosevic

ALEK MILOSEVIC on perversity and paradox: I was born of Serbian ancestry in Paris. I migrated to Canada with my parents in 1971. I grew up in Selkirk, Winnipeg, Kitchener, Waterloo, Scarborough, and Mississauga. I am pursuing a Specialist in Political Science and a minor in Professional Writing. My experience has allowed me to acquire a newly found respect for the perversity of the human animal. I am uncomfortable with paradox, especially in the form of my days and nights at my permanently temporary, seasonal, part-time job at BBM.



photo by Timothy Speck



NO SLEEP FOR THE COOKIE PEOPLE

Each night,
at precisely one-fifteen
the smoke and sugar strained eyes of
the Cookie People,
ignoring the waxed lunch
upon
their
laps,
not too hungry anyway - I suspect,
From beneath their blue mesh caps
wonder at me
as I glide by
uphill
with some effort
and stare after me
until that other wall --- or the space that's in
between
is all that's left.
It's grease
not chocolate
that coats their sweaty lips
and they look,
at me
as if I were a morsel to be eaten
or detested.

John Morris

John Morris on the nineties as the decade of the jazz thing: I used to think that creativity and Rum were synonymous so I spent the '80s trying to be creative. As a result, I don't remember much of Reagan, the Pet Shop Boys, the Domino Club or XTC (the drug); but I do know that in my ubiquitous attempts to fit in, I espoused an adoration for them all. Now, I try not to like anything and though I don't mind people, I like them better when they are far away so I can't hear them. Except you Mom, I love you.

DANCE OF THE INNOCENT

When you and I were young with eyes awide
One note green, and sweet and freshly strung
Did me your King play, long, and full astride
Of your dance that shadows too slow, and thick,
Could not abide; for your strong passion
Did lilt and smile about that corner house
Those fire-green days so very long ago.

And when we were young and full of each new day
The grass did spring and push back into place
To fill the land with not a trace - of our passed way
And of travels did we, not reigned by dull thought
Retell, and sing the praise of laughing streams
Whose course we knew would ere remain,
Though soon our fear and time would end.

Alone in quiet across miles in scorn
With tears that age, and grow cold to hope,
That perfect brook I mourn.
And the tune which once was me and it is dried;
But when I sleep, and hope and purpose put to bed
The child is loosed and screams and plays
And calls for you his Queen to dance and smile for
him again.

John Morris



photo by Andrew Stacey

Hey, BT, it's written in the dust bunnies... speak to me of passion. Never settle for nothing less!

I am your puppet.
Tiny, thin strands,
Fusing together
Various hearts of substance.

And as you pull my strings,
I will work for you,
As you do for I:
Into boundless enchantment.

Subtle terrain of linen,
Damp until the first rain of emotion.
I will wait for you here,
Until anything is born from this.

Tamsin Dollin

I can feel an ocean of emptiness;
Silent storms between us.
Each time you say good-bye,
I can nearly see, nearly harness
The distance.

And each time, each word
Is less devoted.
Until all I see, all I hear is your echo
Of the time before and,
Of the times before.

It doesn't seem fair.

Tamsin Dollin

Tamsin on pessimism and passion? I'm always rushed, tired, overextended; I bitch and complain. But I do have my passions: sweet Rose wines, Italian food, Crumbs, Haagen Daz and erotica.

In Your Eyes

An explosion of anger
Like a sunset's brilliance
 blazing across the autumn skies
Fuelled by pain,
 insecurity,
 humiliation;
The intensity continues to rise.

But the serenity of night battles the fire
As internal tears extinguish the flames
They remain captivated by the source of their fury
Your rage is a wild beast only patience can tame.

Blink once
Blink twice
I see that you still hurt inside
When you wear that mask of defiance
My heart cries the tears that you hide.

The storm cloud gradually passes
For those twinkling stars always so bright
To glow with their eternal exuberance
Intoxicated by boyish delight.

And they watch over me
Just as the rosy sunrise
 blankets the waking world's sky
Filled with trust,
 warmth, and
 compassion;
The unspoken bond on which our true friendship lies.

Chrissy Tay

Chrissy Tay on the bonds of trust: Writing is a way of expressing all that is meaningful in my life, all that has become a part of me, and all that has touched my heart. To my inspiration -- you know who you are -- we are bound by trust. Thanks for giving me the world.



photo by Jamie Tyndall

BETWEEN

On the fifteenth of September 1957, Hurricane Hazel destroyed much of west-end Toronto. Nineteen bodies were never found. On the tenth of November 1963, Lee Harvey Oswald shot and killed John F. Kennedy. Jack Ruby fired three bullets into Oswald several days later; conspiracy theories abound to this day and the truth may never surface. I was born sometime in between these two events.

I've always been a fan of suicide. As an alternative to disdain I mean.

There were two sections to the street I grew up on. Both ends were called Masterson Drive. Like a chopped up garter snake lying on an uncut lawn, a tuft of green forest sprang up from where the middle should have been. Kids my age weren't allowed to play in the forest where the hippies drank beer and smoked cigarettes. I loved it there.

I visited this Eden each day after school during grade three when they put me in Ms. Donellon's class for the "hard to handle children". Climbing the big apple tree where my end of the street ended, I watched secretly over healthy children as they skipped and tossed a ball back and forth on their way home. After most of the kids had wound their way down the street, and disappeared around the bend like ants back to the hill, the quiet and desolation of four o'clock descended.

Occasionally, young mothers with small gurgling children in strollers or, young teens cursing and roughhousing would pass beneath my sturdy and eternal tree. Like a transfixed chameleon, I clung to the ribbed trunk behind a broad expanse of leaves and focused on silent, distant chimneys; invisible even to myself, in perfect separation of mind and body, reality purled grey. The in between of it all.

I didn't mean to hit Jessy Christopher with the block of two-by-four and I can't explain why I threw it - I just did. He was rather far away; it was a lucky shot. When the twisted, filthy nail that jutted out from the splintered piece of wood struck Jessy's head and stuck, when I realized that he was unconscious and bleeding red, my loins hardened with blood. Having only subtle notions of filth and masculinity, barely nine years old, I hadn't untangled sexual arousal from the general sort. It was an

alluring and secret feeling, like the woods.

Since that dark moment, that first time, I have delighted in the giving of pain as a means of release. Far away pain, surreptitious pain, "Excuse me, Mr. Pain flew in from Boston last night, I believe you have an appointment."

Dramatically, Jessy timbered face down onto the hard pavement and did not move. Several overripe and worm-eaten apples struck the ground in rapid succession; I thought he was dead. Silence. I hoped he was dead anyway, stupid blonde-haired dork, otherwise I'd surely get into trouble.

For three days I lived in terror. When the phone rang, my bladder leaked; when the doorbell sounded, my mind split and hid in my fingers. Ten little generals scurried under my thighs,

five asides, plotting revenge and planning alibis. Eyes vacant and unblinking, the chameleon pretended to watch TV. My fingers talked amongst themselves, but quietly and untouching, revealing nothing.

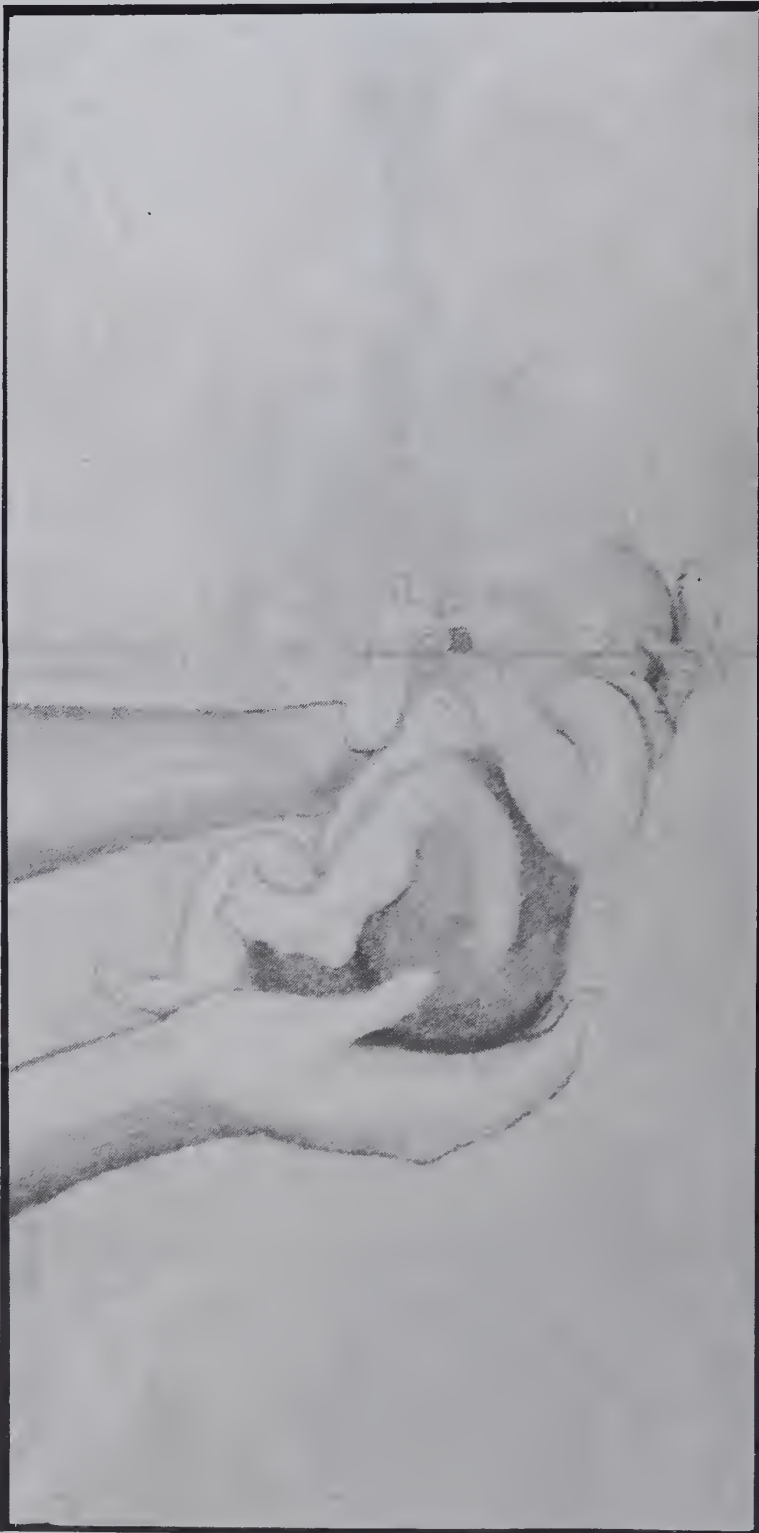
When Jessy, his golden hair shaved off and his head banded, returned to school, I crowded around him with the rest of his chums and examined the crisp, tight swaddling. We all offered opinions and candy. Elbowed and jostled, warm and happy in their odd, communal boy-sex smell, the older lads seemed not to notice me but I didn't care, I liked it there. Three kids from the fourth grade had attacked Jes and held him down; he didn't know their names, and he couldn't remember what they looked like. In an instant, a very special place in my soul was born. More accurately, what served as a soul and masqueraded as value squirmed to life.

I would spend most of the next twenty-five years caressing and loving that tender, ungrowing child. Like a raging drunk at a patch of poison ivy or an addicted mother at a screaming crack baby, I tortured and nurtured my newborn with hatred and love. He became my caged Pillsbury Dough Boy; I lit him

on fire when he was bad and forced him to fuck Barbie when he was good. I watched too much television.

Just as NATO armies in the absence of a visible enemy play their games with paint pellets and flags, I too, keep up the game. The escape tunnels and dank holes that once hid an age from the oppressive light, I maintain from debris. I keep Barbie alive, just... just in case... in case I'm not as okay as I seem.

John Morris



Jaslin Robert

PERSONAL JESUS

Oh, that luck, it makes the world go 'round!
 It's on the mind of such an impressionable boy
 All his hopes and successes depend on that hard, stone cold
 Yet kind and gentle horse that leads him,
 Leads him into a far-away land into oblivion.
 His fiery blue eyes pierce through the still of the night.
 His hopes and dreams depend on this wooden horse
 Which later would become his savior, to rise beyond
 All doubts and frustration.
 There's always that incantation which tears his inner
 limbs apart,
 "There must be more money," there has to be more money!
 This has now become his commandment which he must fulfill.
 He is putting forth all of his inner strength as well as
 His physical, which pushes the horse through his mind
 And into another realm of existence.
 But this emotional burst of energy didn't serve
 Him the purpose. His own Personal Jesus had let him down again.
 The boy who once was considered innocent
 Had turned into an old man and died.

Based on the short story "The Rocking -Horse Winner" by D.H. Lawrence

Patricia Silva



photo by Jamie Tyndall

COLOURS

White,
 The colour of the world outside the window.
 Grey,
 The colour of my world,
 Ever since my youth.
 With red, yellow, green and blue,
 I had tried to paint my world,
 A colourful and beautiful world
 It turned out to be.
 Sadly, it did not last...
 Broken hopes, broken dreams,
 Just washed the colours away.
 What left was only grey.
 No more hopes,
 No more dream.
 Thus, a grey world I live in,
 The only world I deserve...

Wan Juen Lee

Wan Juen Lee: I am a second year commerce student. I come from Malaysia where the weather is extremely different from here in Canada. However, I enjoy my life here as there is greater exposure and opportunities to meet people from other countries.

the raven

severe and temptuous in down of misery
 on twelve million they charge their cavalry
 taking the better of the off-white
 clawing at all situations
 doing it for the right reason
 we follow

the raven.

tying their young hands in rage on siege
 to endure a torment with given patience
 rook and become the martyrs
 for all our faiths
 doing it for the right reason
 we follow

the raven.

the chance of change is minimal
 but possible
 HERO- is not the word
 for the coureur de bois
 which would the missionary take?
 doing it for the right reason
 you follow

the raven.

between malicious and infamous feathers
 vicious and noxious claws
 roguish and pernicious stares
 the hidden, nomadic, deadly heart
 where the dark, stark raven dwells
 I follow in transformation

the raven...

-nevermore-

Jacqueline Valencia

Jacqueline Valencia on the joy of being Jacqueline: I don't sleep, therefore I read entirely too much. I read fantasy, science fiction novels, therefore I dream too much. I am generally angered at the world, but love all that exists in it, therefore I wander and observe more than I can handle. I plan to become a fantasy science fiction writer, a musician, a teacher, and a millionaire; therefore I am unemployed. I also host a Latin dance club scene show called "CLAVE" on CIUT 89.5 fm (Saturday at 10 a.m.).



photo by Jamie Tyndall

LITTLE BROTHER BEVERAGE

I have three younger brothers and I am now a professional "big" sister. I have developed a recipe for making obedient and subservient brothers. The recipe is as follows:

Step 1:

Nag your parents for a baby brother until they agree. If you have the misfortune of getting a sister, throw yourself on the floor, scream, cry, shout, rip at your dress—making sure that it is your best dress—and demand that they send back the baby girl, exchange her for a brother or produce a baby brother for you instantly. Once you have your brother you can move on to step 2.

should hear. Keep repeating this to him while you hit him hard and hold his face in the direction of your room; you can feel free to go into his room, use his stuff, break his stuff and yell for your parents if he hits you. You have to get the boy to hit you back. The average parent will say "Boys should not hit girls. A boy who hits a girl is a sissy." The ideal parent will not only say this, they will also punish the boy. Your parents will never believe your brother was provoked if you cry harder than he does and say "I love him so much, but he always hits me for no reason." When your parents are not looking smile while he is being punished. This step can be continued as long as the boy remains smaller than you.



Andrew Stacey

Step 2:

Look deep into your parents' eyes, smile your sweetest smile, tell your parents your new brother is the most beautiful baby you have ever seen, tell them he is yours and you will love him forever. Periodically poke, pinch, bite and slap the boy and tell him his big sister hates him. Do this only when your parents are not around and never hit him hard enough to leave a mark. Continue this step for three or four years.

Step 3:

"This is my room" is one of the first sentences your brother

Step 4:

The final stage involves making your parents think you are really the perfect child: do the dishes, sweep the floor, offer to help make lunch, get good grades but most importantly, offer to baby-sit your brother for free. As your brother's baby-sitter you can threaten him, beat him up, do whatever you must to ensure that you have a refreshingly obedient and subservient brother. When the boy gets bigger than you, do not worry, his girl-friend will ensure that he remains obedient and subservient.

(See page 489 for Boyfriend Souffle).

Laurisa O'Brien

The above is a humorous prescription for raising potential submissives for the burgeoning metropolitan domination and submission scene. Or, maybe not. (Eds.)

Hard rock pounds against the ocean,
Undulated waves of passion rip the emerald calm as
Sun jealously reigns its glory across the two lovers.
Solitarily, a beautiful sun soaked creature
Draws life from the interwound triangle
Not quite woman, nor quite from the sea
She lies quietly upon the warm, throbbing earth.

Seen from afar, the quick in drawn breath betrays
The presence of one too old to be child
Too young to be experienced.
Gorging the sight of this luscious fruit,
The Goddess of the salty plain.

Stirring within, my own life develops first love.
Not an innocent school boy crush but
Rather the heavy gravity of an obsession.
No one else must have her.

Another breath and she looks up like the hunted
Seeking the hunter.
Unlike prey, she beckoned to me
Reversing the roles of our play.
She slipped into the foaming spray as I into my gear.
The game is afoot and the prize is too wondrous to lose.

Underneath the suffocating window I tried to follow stealthily
With the grace of a one-legged dog in heat.
Her seaweed-tinged hair and mature bosom
Drew me deeper and deeper into Neptune's lair.
She played for a while with the abundance of fish

Long and graceful, two legs trapped
In an ankle length, sequined skirt.
Pulsating, twisting and cavorting
Imaginations crept into my mind that
The devil Himself would blush at.
More agile than any dolphin, her tail enticed me closer still.

Siren-like trance, blocks all rational thought except one.
Carnally glorified temptations of the flesh.
Enchanting look from eyes so deep
Infinite in their depths of absolute darkness
Allow my love sickened heart to seek absolution.
Hint and glimpse of the communion,
All is needed to volunteer as the virgin sacrifice.
Happy to worship I pushed harder and stronger to pursue her.

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She lewdly caressed her soft supple body
Turning the last of my air into shallow, hollow breaths.
With no chance of return I was swallowed by her humble abode.
More of a cave than a hamlet, containing something more dearer
Than any palace, life giving air.
I rose to the surface with blood rushing through my ears
As the air entered my lungs
Wanting nothing more than survival.

A casual glance noticed the glowing fungus
On the walls of the shallow cavern,
Tossing the disquieting dead man's grey pallor
Across the strewn whale remains.

All wild fantasies of losing one's virginity shattered
In the length of time for her head to breach the surface.
Good from afar but far from good is the order of the day.
Even removal of goggles does not halt
The slow rise of jewels into my chest,
Seeking safety behind my frightened heart.

Shall I compare her to a summer day or bleak winter morning
The latter seems more apt.
Her baby-like skin is broken with many scales,
Some flaking like a festering wound.
Her long beautiful hair reminds one of the dead plants
Hanging lifelessly from an outcropping of rocks at low tide.
Rotten cantaloupe left out in the sun for a week
Are too kind to do her breasts justice.

Pity and astonishment drum a powerful tattoo on my skull.
Can so many sailor's tales be wrong?
Were they so mistaken that this creature of hell
Could be substituted for Lust herself?
Yet, she seemed to be lonely
In these darkest of denizens.
A companion for a little while would not hurt?
As Death's rictus grin produces such powerful mirth.

Raging hormones shut out all hope of escape as she caressed me
My urge rising against her as her rough tail slid between my legs.
The cuddle of her strong octopus deformed hands
Kept me from pulling away.
She opened her tight pouting lips to reveal a row of piranha
sharp teeth
As I casually noticed that those strewn bones
Did not come from any whale...

Ramesh Venkataramaiah



Ramesh Venkataramaiah on being elusive: Ramesh is a bashful, unprepossessing, writer, student, and all around human being. He submitted his material to us without question, although we believe that he, like a new lottery millionaire, is publicity shy. His delightfully grotesque, poetic siren song may be the result of too many hours spent in the library. Or, it may be due to the hallucinogenic mist emanating from the South Building pond. Unfortunately, we cannot be certain. Ramesh failed to respond to our requests for a few lines on either himself or the creative exercise. However, we did enjoy his poem and believe that you too will find it enjoyable (Eds.).

THE NIGHT I SLEPT IN THE CAR

"Louis!"

I turned my head and I saw Christine at the front passenger seat window. She smiled at me as she climbed into my car.

"Why are you so happy? Any good news or exciting stuff?"

"No. Because for the first time this week you picked me up on time. That's why I'm happy."

"Okay. I've got something to show you. Guess what?" I pulled out my History assignment marked by Professor Aster. Christine skipped through the whole piece and locked her eyes on the final remark—82 (A-).

"Wow! That's good. I am really happy for you, Louis." She leaned over and kissed me on my right cheek. Her kiss always makes me happy; it is magical.

I started our black 1988 Honda Accord EXi and turned left onto Sterling Avenue. "So how was school today, Be? (Short for 'baby')."

"Nothing special. Our school's gonna build a new building for the Medical Department. They'll call it the McMaster's Medical Research Center."

"Really?"

"Yep! Do you know that..."

"Be, do you want to go to the Future Shop? 'Cause I have to pick up my refund and two boxes of new floppy disks."

"Well...all right. You've taken Psych' in your first year. Have you heard of the experiment called..."

"Hey! It's the NHL update! Shh! Hold on a sec." I interrupted and turned the Alpine stereo louder. Christine's story evaporated in the FM104.5 news broadcast. "Shit! No progress in hockey still." Christine said nothing. That was strange. Like me, Christine was a diehard Toronto Maple Leafs fan. She loved Gilmour and Potvin.

"Hey, what's up?" I asked. She kept quiet. She was just being moody, I guessed.

After I picked up two boxes of 1.44MB diskettes and the refund for a defective answering machine from Future Shop, Christine asked if I wanted to shop at the Limeridge Mall.

"Another time, okay? I am really tired."

"All right!" Christine sulked. I did not care; I was too tired and too hungry to care.

234 King St. West, Hamilton. Our apartment's on the sixth floor. When we got home, I dumped my blue Lugga bag on the floor and turned on my computer.

"What should we eat tonight?" Christine yelled from the kitchen.

"Whatever you want! Just think of something! I'm busy over here!"

I went on with Raptors — a new game I copied from Cliff. Within half an hour I finished the Fifth Wave of the Bravo sector. If I completed the final wave I could advance to the next stage.

"Supper's ready!" Christine yelled from the kitchen again.

"Yeah!" I replied, though I didn't hear what she said. I was too busy with the Raptors. The Gunah's antiaircraft launcher fired five missiles at me; three V-jet fighters streamed at me from the top right corner of the screen and laser canons shot from everywhere. My God! I ran out of fuel...

Blank. Christine had unplugged the computer.

"What the hell do you think you're doing? I was only steps away from com-

pleting the final sector of Stage One! Are you crazy or what?"

"Who's crazy? You or I? I got home from a six hour lecture day, washed the dishes, tidied the dining table, and I cooked. All you need to do is to get your ass here and eat. And that's too much to ask from you?" She spoke in a stern voice, with a stone face.

Christine continued, "You've never respected me. You've never paid attention to what I have to say. You are either distracted or occupied with your own stuff. You are too tired to shop with me yet you have so much enthusiasm with your stupid computer game. You are too tired to help me cook supper yet you have so much energy to yell at me. You're too fucking self-centered and selfish!"

Christine folded her arms across her chest. A chain of tears skidded down from her dark brown eyes. Her nose reddened. I got a sheet of Kleenex and handed it to her.

"I'm sorry Honey. I was just..."

"Don't give me that crap anymore. If you really love me, you would put me ahead your TSN Sportsdesk, your computer games, your soccer matches... You take me for granted!"

"Be, I am really sorry for being rude. I promise that it'll never happen again."

"I've had enough of your promises. Now get the hell out of my face! Get out!" She opened the door and pushed me out of the apartment. Jeff, our neighbor, stood in the hallway. To avoid embarrassment, I left without saying much. I called Christine from a payphone at the corner of King and Caroline. The phone rang and rang and rang. Nobody answered. I ate a Big Mac Combo for supper and I returned to our apartment at 11pm. Still, Christine would not let me in.

I went down to the underground parking lot where I parked my car. I lowered the seat and lay on it. I turned my body to the right and hit the handbrake lever. I turned to the left and knocked my head against the door. I stretched my legs and the clutch pedal, the brake pedal and the gas pedal pushed my legs back.

I stared at the silver bell hanging on my keychain. Christine gave it to me as a lucky charm. I hit the bell and it jingled. I missed Christine. Every night before we slept, I would kiss her seven times: first on her forehead, her right eye, her left eye, her nose, her right cheek, her left cheek, and finally her lips. Then I would brush her soft dark hair with my fingers and tell her that she was the most beautiful girl in the world. She would lay her head on my chest, kiss our Tweety bird good night, tuck Tweety between us, place her left arm across my body and kiss me. I missed my Be.

I turned on the radio. 102.9 K-lite FM played Boyz II Men's *On Bended Knees*.

As the night grew old, K-lite slowed and deepened with instrumental, classical, and New Age music. At four a.m., I slept. At seven a.m., I awoke — when the noise of engines rattled my ears. I went up to my apartment. I entered our bedroom and Christine stared at me. I stood in front of the bed not knowing what to do. A morning breeze came in from our window and made the navy blue curtain dance. A drop of tear trickled from Christine's right eye and faded into the dark brown hair that brushed her face. Her arms stretched open. I rushed to Christine, wrapped my arms around her neck and held her tight

"I am sorry, really sorry. I missed you Be." I held her tighter.

"I missed you too."

I made Christine breakfast: eggs sunny side up and two pieces of Eggo. At 10 a.m. I drove Christine to school and picked her up on time that evening. I deleted Raptors from my computer and returned the Raptors' installation diskettes to Cliff.

Louis Pang

Louis Pang on writing into emptiness: I'm a student from Malaysia. This is my fourth year in Canada and my third at Erindale. Honest writing creates meaning for this empty world, helps us understand and respect our differences and heals our wounds.



photo by Jamie Tyndall

photo by Andrew Stacey

waves

Shhhshh...

Aoshhhwaoshhh...

We are waves in a sea of memory

Hola...ola...ool...wshh...

ever expanding-being stretched by the flow
preserving our changing faces, lifting
our voices...as a colour of crab-like language
pours into the air...aoh...ahh...

through the white gurgling crest

aowshh...expel the words...

the more mouth you are, the farther

away you are from the ground...

Knowledge can kill you

and numb the rapids

these infinite amounts of recall

have their purpose...aoshh...

grab hold to something solid

...letters...ABC...

The earth we protect and kill

each other for...there is never enough
of it to stand on...

We belong to this soil...

and the waves that carry it...

purify the crevices of our souls.

Jacqueline Valencia

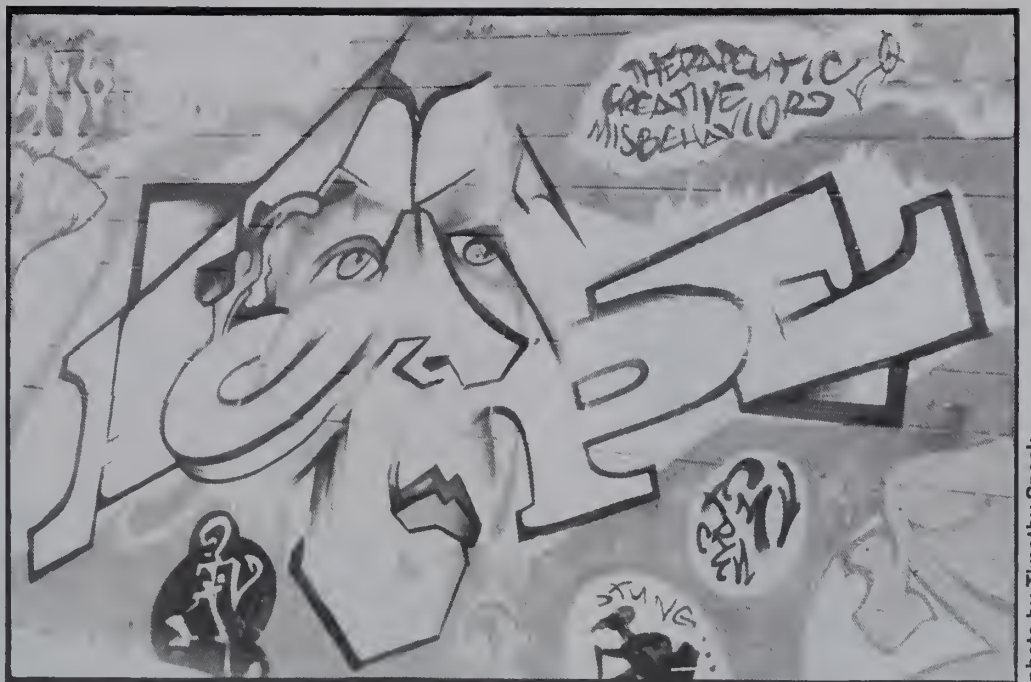
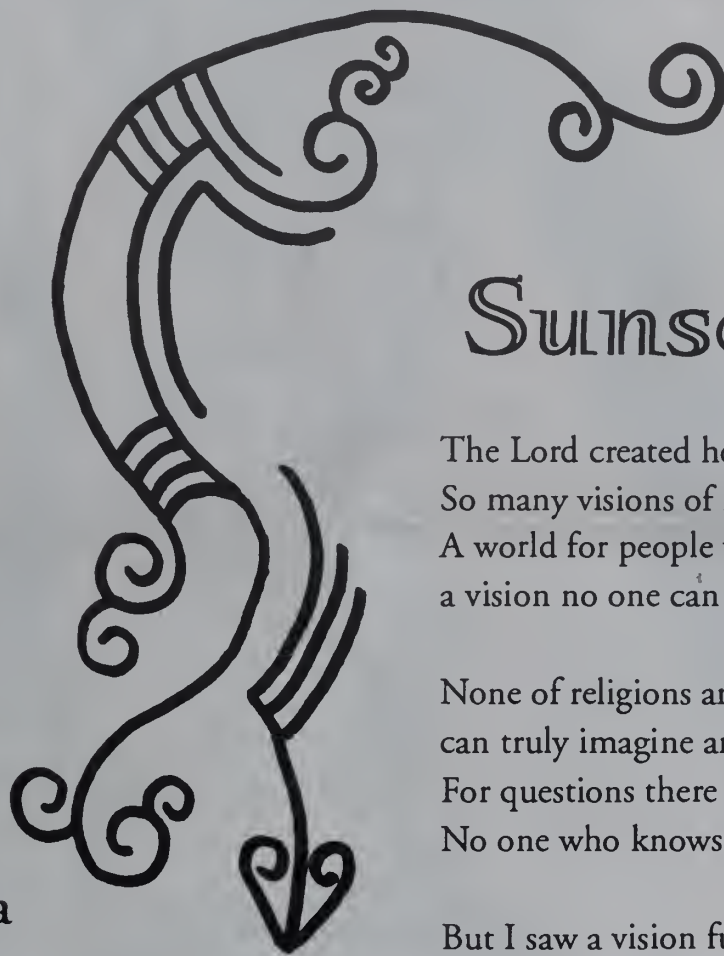


photo by Timothy Speck



Sunset

The Lord created heaven.
So many visions of it exist.
A world for people with no sin,
a vision no one can resist.

None of religions and beliefs
can truly imagine and know what it is.
For questions there is no relief.
No one who knows still lives.

But I saw a vision full of light,
full of colours, reflections, and shades,
a transition between day and night,
a prism, a contraction, blinding blades,

Colours never seen as one and same,
shadows and shades changing, living,
an order in chaos, a trick, a game,
peace and quiet, not still but moving...

To describe what seen, felt and heard,
what understood, what discovered
can never be said and known.
You need the experience that is your own.

KWAJS TWOL



Jamie Tyndall

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Ramesh Venkataramaiah

Ned's brainbloodvolume satisfies enough but likely won't lure any new converts into their atomic dustbin

A particular Sports Editor at a particular newspaper on campus said, not too long ago in fact, that "a group has all the time in the world to put together their first album but only six months to come up with a second". (Is that libel?!) This was agonizingly apparent when listening to Ned's second album *Are You Normal? God Fodder*, their first album released in 1991, was great. It had a fresh sound that was immediately recognizable by the distinctive, heavy low end sound - the result of having two bass players. Thus it was with

a mixture of excitement and reservation that I placed the new disc, *Brainbloodvolume*, into my stereo and prepared to listen to the third effort of this fairly young, British band.

CD REVIEW
BRAINBLOODVOLUME
NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN
SONY
By SARAH TURVEY

I listened to the disc once through and it was immediately apparent that there would be some

songs that I would really like and some that I really wouldn't. This was already a disappointment because I enjoyed the "God Fodder" album in its entirety. (Notice I'm not using their second album as a reference ... it's just too traumatizing.) By the second time through I had easily decided which songs I would skip past - this is not a sign of a really solid musical achievement.

The first song "all i ask of myself is that i hold together", had that harder-edged alternative sound which has become popular with a lot of the newer alternative groups. Though this sound is not one that I would normally associate with Ned's, it was one that seemed to work well for them. This became my immediate favorite; very cool beat and guitars.

Song number two, "floote" was much more reminiscent of their original sound - that sort of bright guitar, heavy bass, faraway thing - causing it to become, aptly enough, my second favorite song

The third song "premonition",

started out with a really funky beat and guitars that got me all geared up for another good, rocking tune, but it turned into a fairly flat fizzle that I don't want to discuss.

Number four, "talk me down", again started out with a vibrant sound that just seemed to get heavier as the song goes on. It begins to get back into the tongue-in-cheek lyrics that Ned's became famous (or infamous) for: "All those mistakes you say I've made got me more laugh lines than things that felt right".

The fifth track in this saga of song, "borehole", was certainly that. It was extremely repetitive and unnoteworthy.

Song number six, "your only joke", was more of that tongue-in-cheek stuff that Ned's fans seem to like so much. It had a great bass line and a brighter sound as well as being really melodic, causing it to be extremely *God Fodder*-esque. I think that this ranks number three on the album because it comes together so well for the band - most likely because it is a sound

that they are familiar with producing.

I am going to do something nasty and lump songs seven, eight and nine together. None of them were particularly interesting or even that good to listen to. Even though they were separate songs, they just sort of blended together and made you forget to listen to them. Good background music I suppose, but they'd kill a party.

Number ten, "traffic", was a cool song and listenable, but not until the last song, "song number eleven could take forever", did I really think "yeah, I'll listen to that one again". It was extremely wry, melodic, and vibrant; it had a funky bass line and it was fun.

Overall, *Brainbloodvolume* lacked the intensity of *God Fodder*. It wasn't as listenable or as danceable, and I'd probably skip tracks five, seven, eight and nine. However, the songs I liked were really worthwhile if you are a Ned's fan - though I don't think this album on the whole would make a convert out of you.

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Anderson takes nervous approach to the Bible in latest performance

Laurie Anderson has been making her mark as one of the world's most respected and successful performance artists for the past twenty years.

CONCERT REVIEW
LAURIE ANDERSON
O'KEEFE CENTRE
MARCH 20
By NATALIE SECRETAN

Anderson's talents include such titles as fine artist, composer, author, poet, political commentator, photographer, filmmaker, ventrilo-

quist and musician. She explained during the show that she used to teach Fine Art History in New York. Her heart was not into it, however, and she used to make up facts about this Roman emperor and that guy! She says she quit, but not before she got fired!

The Nerve Bible, her term for the body, is Anderson's first major multi-media performance in five years. The performance was a poetic array of music, lights, lasers, projector-screens, state-of-the-art computer equipment, and synthesizers of various kinds. The combination of these created the mood

for her readings from *The Nerve Bible* and made for a visually stimulating performance.

Anderson combines her poetry, which is spoken in that sultry American voice of hers, with the effects of about ten different microphones, including sounds like: "I am the spawn of Satan" voice, with synthesized piano and violin (I hesitate to call it music - sound seems more appropriate), cameras attached to her violin bow (so you get a clear up-the-nostril shot projected on one of the screens behind her), and one of those computer body-wear things. You know, one of those doo-hickey things that creates various sounds when you move your body in different directions.

At one point in the show, Anderson was speaking through the effect of the "Voice of Authority", as she likes to call it (I prefer "Voice of Satan"!), and looking into a camera that was at the base of her microphone. On the screen behind her was the distorted, black-and-white negative image of half of her face. On the next screen was the other half of her face. It made her look like Yoda from *Star Wars*.

The effects were impressive and the whole choreography of the show was extremely entertaining. However, by the second half of the performance, I had had enough of that violin. She proved she could play it sweetly at one point and that was very enjoyable, but the repetitive, "end-of-the-world" noises that kept being emitted from the thing were very annoying. I left the theatre with a headache!

The Nerve Bible is a twenty-year retrospective book, published by Harper Perennial.



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Hip tribute band set to close out Duck season

They're not the Hip - but they are damn close.

CONCERT PREVIEW
ROAD APPLES
A TRIBUTE TO THE TRAGICALLY HIP
BLIND DUCK PUB
APRIL 8
By ELIZABETH BARRETT

If you're looking for a place to happen, don't be scared, get some courage and come to Erindale's Pub for a tribute to the Tragically Hip-Road Apples!

Don't sit at home yawning or snarling, this is an emergency. Everyone will be there - Cordelia, Evelyn, A highway girl, some wheat kings, thugs, and Grace, too! This is another midnight to get opiated. You'll be on the verge of ecstasy and enjoy yourself fully and completely. And if you go, we'll go too. If you missed the Tragically Hip's most recent Canadian tour, you were not the only one. The fact that the ticket prices were well out of range for the average university student was enough to prevent many from attending. However, this is the perfect opportunity to redeem yourself and the price

is well within a student's means. Erindale's Blind Duck Pub welcomes Road Apples - an amazing band that performs hip songs. If you have some empty beer bottles lying around, return them and get a ticket so that you too can be a part of a truly Canadian experience for a measly nine dollars. This is not just any group of guys off the street; they have unbelievable talent and are in themselves a great trip. This band has entertained many fans (including me) from coast to coast over the last several years. They generally play in smaller venues across

Canada and have lately become extremely popular. Well, here's your chance to have a blast at the Pub and hear great music for a low price. Saturday, April 8, is the day of the concert. Tickets are on sale now at the Pub, the Meeting Place in the South Building, or House 45 in first phase. If you are a Hip fan like me and the other millions out there, come to the last pub of the year and celebrate the end of the year properly! It would be tragic if you missed it. Actually, don't take my word for it, come and see for yourself.

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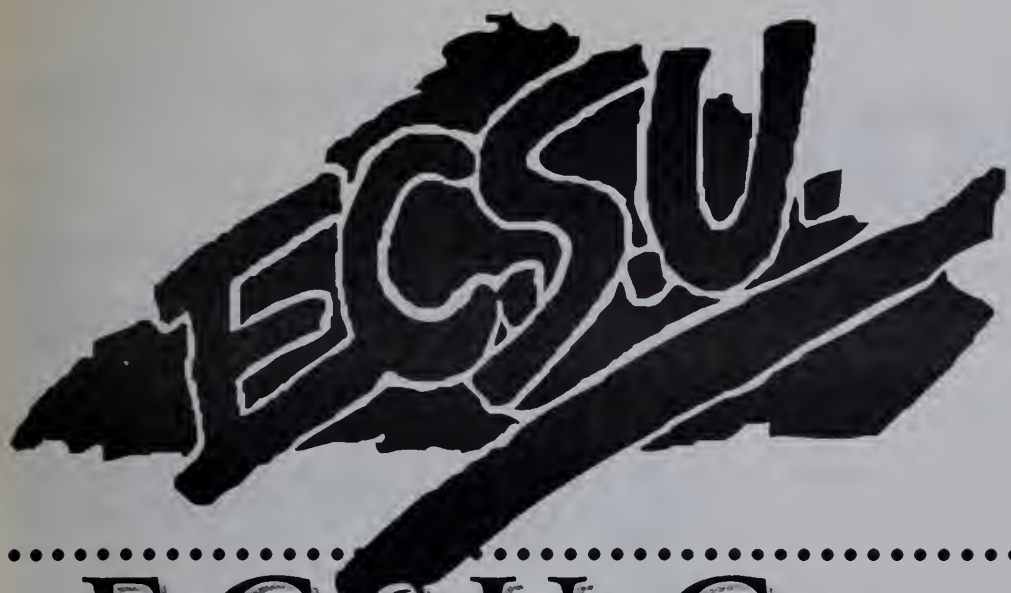
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Erindale College Student Union

E.C.S.U. General Meeting

Tuesday March 28

12:10-2:50p.m.

in the Council Chambers

Student Appreciation Day!!!
Wed March 29

At the Blind Duck Pub

12:30 p.m. - 2 p.m.

Free Food & Information!

Resumes being accepted now for Editor of the 95/96 Yearbook Photographers are also needed. Sign up at E.C.S.U. or contact Sam.

Frosh Leaders needed
for '95 Orientation!

Pick up your
application at ECSU!

Alternative Night III

March 29 with D.J. Scott Augustus.
Admission is only a buck (\$1) All proceeds
go towards the Kidney foundation. So come
out and party on March 29 for a good cause.

Looking for a Job? Radio Erindale Needs You!

Applications & resumes will be accepted for ALL 95/96 staff positions!
Station manager, finance, programming, Promotions, Music, News,
Roadshows & Advertising Directors.

All resumes to be submitted to ECSU.

Sports

Division III Basketball just miss gold medal



The 1994-95 Division III Basketball Warriors.

photo by Jamie Tyndall

By OMAR RAMPAL

This week featured the final two games of Men's Division III Basketball, as Erindale attempted to battle back from a first game loss. In game two, Erindale came out running on their home court and ran out to an early lead. However Aerospace closed the gap just after half, with some strong outside shooting. Elvin Sotto and Mark Zielinski took control as Erindale coasted to a 36-29 victory.

Game three at the Fieldhouse, Erindale ran out to a 10-2 lead, and at several points were leading by as much as 11 points. Strong efforts again from Sotto, Mark "I'm going

to the pub" Zielinski, and Thamy "My brother's a ball hog" Florou. However, a strong performance from Aerospace's guards and center brought them back late. In the final minutes, Erindale's outside shooting vanished, and poor foul shooting led to a 50-47 loss. I'd like to thank all our fabulous freshmen this season plus our veterans. Thanks to Elvin Sotto, Mark Zielinski, Thamy Florou, Vinh Nguyen, Carlos DaRosa, Harry Kalantzakos, Lawrence Luk, Mike Harze, Zuhair Fancy, Ryan DeSouza and of course super-coach Omar Rampaul. Watch for these fab group to battle for spots in Division II next year.

Women's Interfaculty Hockey Warriors win championship

By RACHEL HUGHES
AND EMILY PILON

They came in flocks, nothing was going to stop them, not even the Skule band. The crowd was roaring as little K led the cheering. It was the first time in 4 years the lady Warriors were in contention for the Ice Hockey Championship title.

A record number of fans, including the big man Peter Baxter, arrived early to cheer on their favorite hockey team. Recovering from their first loss in the three-game series. They came out fighting (way to go B-Kay), as they drew first blood with Karen Parker (wheels) beating their opponents to the puck and scoring the first goal.

With the strong defensive style of Kelley Kirk, Jodie Thomas and of course Big K the lead was Erindale's.

The clock wound down and Skule made their move. With less than a minute left to play, Skule pulled their goalie. That was a big mistake as both Alice Turner and Emily Pilon rushed the Skule goal resulting in a goal.

Meeting for a third time, the Warriors were ready for battle. The puck was dropped and the game was underway. Once again, Karen Parker was off on a great pass from Allison Hahnfeld to score the first goal of the game.



The Women's Interfaculty Hockey Warriors beat Engineering 2 - 1 to capture the gold medal last Wednesday night.

photo by Jamie Tyndall

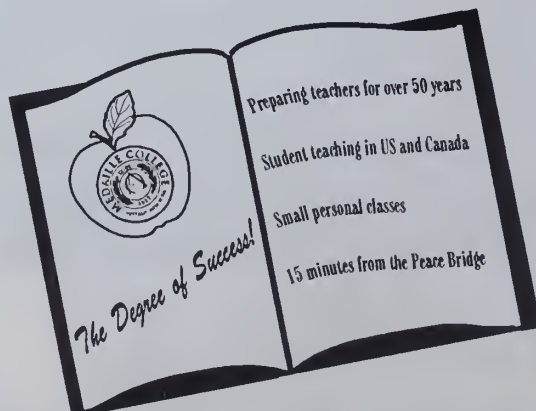
Not to be outdone, Rachel (Funky) Hughes, heading the sound advice of coach Henley lined herself up in front of the net and popped one in on the rebound.

The second period was upon the Warriors. Although Skule scored a goal, Erindale's hopes weren't diminished as Maria Kappos' (fighting injury) managed to get off three hard shots, while MT Glynn, Erindale's Most Improved Player,

consistently gave it her all. Jennifer (Abrasive) Williams would have earned the series MVP for her outstanding play between the pipes. Williams shut down repeated attacks holding Skule off till the end. A special hurrah goes out to Coach Chris Henley (Discipline Ladies) and Coach Andrew Boisvenue (if you lose you beat yourselves) for their time and devotion throughout the year.

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Volleyball Warriors beat U.C. to capture title

Hitmen capture third title in a row

By TED HENLEY

Hitmen, Inc. 6 Possums 2

In this repeat final performance from last year, the Hitmen won both games taking their third consecutive championship.

The Hitmen came out flying for the first game. Off the opening faceoff, the control of the game was in the Hitmen's hands, showing signs of last year's championship performance.

Leading the scoring for the Hitmen was Darryl Rankin with two goals and an assist. Craig Lawlor added two goals of his own, while Gerry Harte and Pete Perrone rounded off the scoring with a goal and an assist each.

Scoring the goals for the Possums were Mike Metelsky and Ted Henley. Posting the assists were Jon Wawrow and Gokhan Haskan.

Hitmen, Inc. 4 Possums 1

The big story of this game was the strong goaltending of Hitmen



Hitmen, Inc.: the 1995 A Division E.B.H.L. champions.

photo by Jamie Tyndall

keeper Harry Kalantzakos. Kalantzakos stopped the Possums' powerplay four times keeping the Hitmen in the game.

Leading the scoring for the Hitmen was Derek Brennan with two goals and an assist. Darryl Rankin played another strong game popping one goal and a helper. Gerry Harte had a stereotypical Harte performance adding the empty net goal capping the championship. Pete Perrone had another

strong physical performance mixing things up with Jason Eysers and Ted Henley.

Gokhan Haskan scored the lone Possum goal. Jon Wawrow and Jeff Floyd played excellent games constantly crashing the net and mucking-it-up in the corners.

Congratulations to the entire Hitmen team: Darryl Rankin, Pete Perrone, Derek Brennan, Lemarque Lockhart, Gerry Harte, Harry Kalantzakos and Craig Lawlor.

Athletic banquet a huge success

By TED HENLEY

The Twenty-Eighth Annual ECARA Athletic Banquet last Saturday night was a huge success. The event was held at the Blind Duck Pub with over 143 of Erindale College's athletes and guests in attendance.

The Blind Duck was transformed into an elegant dining hall with various decorations, awards and sports paraphernalia.

"We're really pleased with the turn-out this year," commented ECARA Council member Jeff

Floyd. "The Council worked really hard as a team to organize the event, and the result is very rewarding."

ECARA decided not to include a guest speaker in this year's schedule of events, and introduced a slide show set to music. The slide presentation was a big hit as many people cheered and jested at the various pictures.

ECARA also changed the award format this year allowing a few extra trophies and plaques to be handed out. Steve Mason and Rob Sopov were co-winners of the Male Intramural Athlete of the Year, while Laurie Bamford won the Female Intramural Athlete of the Year honours. Maurice Cristello won the Interfaculty Coach of the Year award.

The Cynthia Hadow Memorial Award winner, given to a female

athlete who is extremely involved in athletics and is a 'team' player, was Kendra Rawlings.

The J.J. Rae Trophy winner (Female Athlete of the Year) was Emily Pilon. The J. Tuzo Wilson Trophy honours (Male Athlete of the Year) went to Don Malcolmson.

After the awards ceremony many of the athletes hit the dance floor as D.J. Neil went to work.

"Overall, the night was a huge success," said ECARA rep., Steve Knowles. "I was happy to see everyone dancing and enjoying themselves. The food was awesome, the music was great and seeing all of our friends having fun in one place made my night complete."

The 1995-96 ECARA Council will have a hard time bettering this year's athletic banquet.



Erindale's Division I Volleyball team beat University College last Wednesday to capture the championship.

photo by J. Tyndall

On Wednesday March 15, in exciting volleyball action, the Erindale Women's Interfaculty team won it all in a hard-fought match against University College.

Erindale started out shaky, losing the first game 15-8. After falling behind 14-8 in the second game, Erindale finally came to life and made a great come back to win the game 17-15. With strong momentum heading into the third and deciding game, Erindale clearly dominated the court, winning the game 15-8.

Everyone put in a strong effort to make this victory possible. Congratulations to all the girls for a great season and spectacular finish. The team: Beth Bennett, Lori Bourdeau, Mary Kalantzakos, Niki Kutlesa, Ann Marie Lloyd, Stephanie Menchins, Fio Rainusso, Tanya Sotiriou, Carolyn Stewart, Denise Terhaar, and Belinda Wagner.

Special thanks to Tim Chan for coaching the team to success, and to the fans who come out to support the team.

medium II CLASSIFIEDS

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Waterpolo Warriors win title



The Men's Interfaculty Waterpolo team captured the U of T Intramural championship last Wednesday by beating Pharmacy 8 - 2. All of the players played well, proving Erindale's dominance in the sport. Congratulations to Jason Ovsenny, Gabe Galambos, Rheka Trembath, Rob Gabor, Stan Besko, Steve Mazza, Cherie Westbrook, Christine Darcy, Mae Chan and Andrea Collins for capturing the championship.

photo by Jamie Tyndall.

Best In The World to face Funky Divas in women's final

By JASON ALLEN
AND TED HENLEY

Funky Divas 4 Squared and Buried 2

Both teams were up for this game. Squared and Buried and the Funky Divas came out flying. The Divas out-shot Squared and Buried 29 - 21 in an offence packed game that left the fans gasping for air.

Leading the scoring for the Divas was Cuc Duong with two goals and two assists. Susi Velisavljevic notched two goals herself, while teammates Yee Mak and Monica Kwias added helpers. Meredith Williams played well in goal keeping her team in the game.

The scoring duo of Sharon Clancy and Rheka Trembath combined for the Squared and Buried goals. Laurie Bamford and Kelley Kirk played well helping on the defensive side of things. Andrea Collins also had a strong game in goal.

Funky Divas 2 Squared and Buried 1

With the Divas up 4-2 after the first game, S & B needed to come up with a big effort. However, the Divas impressively scored early to

crush any momentum that S & B was gaining. Susi Velisavljevic notched the goal with super pest Cuc Duong provided the assist. The same combination scored again to put Divas up 2-0, until Rheka Trembath of S & B narrowed the gap, picking up a point shot from Kelley Kirk and putting through the five hole of Diva's keeper.

Meredith Williams, who as usual played a stellar game. S & B had a power play late in the game, courtesy of a Lyda Salatian crushing bodycheck. However, it was not meant to be. The Divas took the game and the 2 game total goal series 6-3.

Best In The World 4 Rough + Tough in the Buff 0

In this semi-final series, Best In The World cruised by RTB's outshooting RTB's 30 - 9.

Leading the scoring for Best In The World was the duo Karen Parker and Amy Gilmour. Parker and Gilmour combined their efforts to produce all of the goals for Best In The World. Assisting the goals were Saira Khan, Beth Bennett and Ayesha Khan. Kathleen McDermott was credited

with the shutout.

Tatiana Moreal and Stephanie Campbell had strong games for RTB's. Both Campbell and Moreal combined their efforts to produce the majority of the RTB shots on goal.

Best In The World 5 Rough + Tough in the Buff 1

Best In The World had a four goal lead at the beginning of this one. The game was a carbon-copy of the first with Best In The World outshooting RTB's 29 - 13. RTB stand-in keeper Fatima Hasham played very well keeping the score from reaching the double-digits.

Leading the scoring for Best In The World was Fio Rainusso with one goal and two assists. Amy Gilmour, Tehmina Ahmed and Lori Bourdeau rounded off the scoring for Best In The World. The assists came from Beth Bennett, Paula Marcellino and Saira Khan.

Scoring the lone RTB goal was Tatiana Moreal who poked the ball through Lyla Riveros' pads late in the game. Tamara Wickens, Candy Halvorsen and Shauna Dalgleish played well defensively for RTB's.

Who's Asking? capture title

By JASON ALLEN AND TED HENLEY

Who's Asking? 3 Team 50 1

In the first game of a best two out of three series, both teams came out very defensively, not wanting to make the mistake that would put either team behind the proverbial 8-ball. Who's Asking finally broke the deadlock at the end of the half with Rahim Kassam bending the twine. Then Who's Asking? scored a short-handed goal with 4 seconds remaining in the half. As the second half began, Team 50 showed their grit with Greg Murray providing the power play marker.

Who's Asking? 3 Team 50 2

This game was a lot like the first, but the overtime winner was Who's Asking?. Leading the scoring for Who's Asking? was Rahim Kassam with two goals and an assist. Kassam scored the OT winner on a nice pass from DaRosa. Scoring Team 50's goals was the duo Vince Deleo and Howie Cappadocia. Team 50 tried in the overtime period but Who's Asking? wall of defence stood

Knights take first game

By JENNIFER MARASOVIC

Knights of Lancaster 5 Who's Next 1

Surprisingly, this was not a close match as Who's Next never really got into the game. Despite the fact that the Knights were missing their goalie, and prize player Matt Perotta, they easily defeated the overrated Who's Next squad. Who's Next were the first to score with a goal by Harpreet Singh; but, they were quickly shutdown by the Knights. Demitrios Manos had an

excellent game for the Knights, scoring a goal, and setting up both Ted Evangelidis and Tom Karadza. Alan Marasovic fired a nice one into the top corner, while Rob Kozmevski showed his magic with an awesome goal as well. Substitute goalie, Tom Reynolds, filled the void and played well, especially on the Who's Next power-plays. He was aided by the superb play of the Knights defense, led by Carlo Lucia and Marko Radosevic. The second game time is noon today.

Who is the most talented player? SHOOTOUT talent poll decides

SHOOTOUT Left wing By ROB SOPOV

Best Stickhandler: Jaromir Jagr (2nd, Sergei Fedorov; 3rd, Pavel Bure). Many North American defencemen have had to "Czech" behind themselves after Jagr has blown past. The only way to stop Jagr is to take the man -- if they can.

Most Accurate Shot: Sergei Fedorov (Teemu Selanne; Pavel Bure). This Russian sharpshooter can hit the mark from anywhere within the offensive zone. Many goalies around the league would agree that if Fedorov is left alone to shoot, then the next time the puck will hit the ice will be at centre.

Best Skater: Sergei Fedorov (Alexander Mogilny; Pavel Bure). Fedorov has won both speed contests at the last two All - Star skills competitions. Like a Soviet MIG jet, Fedorov's superior speed enables him to gain the opponents defense zone at will.

Hardest Shot: Al McInnis (Sergei Fedorov; Brett Hull). Many readers tend to believe I am biased toward European players. My choice of McInnis is as sound and accurate as the others. No doubt, McInnis has a "howitzer" for a shot.

Breakaways: Pavel Bure (Jaromir Jagr; Sergei Fedorov). A goalie's worst nightmare is seeing the Russian "Rocket" coming down on a breakaway. When Bure uses his bag-of-tricks, goalies are left looking foolish. In order to avoid injuries, goalies should just leave the net when Bure approaches.

Most Talented Player: The most talented player in the NHL would be the one which possesses the greatest array of hockey skills. Without doubt, the most talented player in the NHL is Sergei Fedorov. Fedorov is the only player to rank in my top three in every skill category. Fedorov can skate, score, and handle the puck with the best of them which makes him the most potent offensive player in the league. Fedorov, last year's Selke trophy winner, is also the best defensive forward in the NHL. In a nutshell, this Russian superstar can do it all.

Tidbits: Is it me or is Jaromir Jagr the most exciting playing in the league?.. If the Winnipeg Jets never had Selanne and Zhamnov, they would be in the AHL... The Canucks should do themselves a favour and trade Pavel Bure to a team that needs a sixty goal scorer... Mats Naslund is making Harry Sinden look like a genius... Sundin for Clark, looking good for the Maple Leafs...

SHOOTOUT Right wing By HARRY NAGRA

Best Stickhandler: Pat Lafontaine (2nd, Jeremy Roenick; 3rd, Eric Lindros). Any person playing with Alex Mogilny has to be a great stickhandler to keep Mogilny from taking the puck from him. Lafontaine has established himself as one of the top playmakers in

the game, evident by Mogilny's stats without Lafontaine in the lineup.

Most Accurate Shot: Brett Hull (Cam Neely, Eric Lindros). If you leave Hull open, then add a goal for St.Louis. Hull has become the most lethal shooter in the NHL. Hull has left many goalies saying "Hull-y shit" after looking behind them.

Best Skater: Paul Coffey (Paul Kariya, Al Iafrate). Many observers feel Sergei Fedorov is the fastest skater in the league. He is not. He is not even the fastest Red-Wing, Coffey is. At 33, Coffey still leaves opponents fishing for his shirt tail, when speeding up ice. He will continue to reign until he retires.

Hardest Shot: Al McInnis (Brett Hull, Eric Lindros). Even Sopov cannot dispute this. No other player can, or has, put the fear of God into goalies like McInnis has. Any player brave enough to try and block a McInnis slapshot should be given a Purple Heart.

Breakaways: Eric Lindros (Jeremy Roenick, Stephan Richer). Play usually comes to a stop when Lindros breaks in to retrieve the puck. Lindros has every tool needed to be a great breakaway artist; he has the speed, creativity and reach to make goalies quiver.

Most Talented Player: The answer is simple; Eric Lindros can, and has, done it all. At 21 years of age, he leads or is near the top of every stat category. Lindros has thrived this year, taking over from the "Great One". Most importantly, of the G.M.'s around the NHL, twenty said if they were starting a team Lindros would be their top pick. Not bad for a kid who has only played about 140 games. Any player who can make Mikhail Renberg look like a star has to be the most talented player in the game.

Tidbits: Detroit management will not trade Steve Yzerman as long as Sergei Fedorov continues his selfish play ... Question to Rob Sopov: Is Bobby Clark still an idiot?... The Russian Rocket has been grounded by a bruised knee; poor baby, here's another \$5 million for some ice ... Neil Smith must read Shootout, he traded for Pat Verbeek, not another European... Eric Lindros, M.V.P. of the league, I feel vindicated...

Where are
the Bud Girls
Tonight?

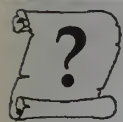
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TIME TO PLAY



PUZZLE CORNER

by Charles Barry Townsend

Victorian Word Play

Word play, especially anagrams, became a very fashionable pastime during the second half of the nineteenth century and the examples below date from around that time.

Rearrange all the letters of each of the sentences to form, in each case, a well-known proverb:

1. I don't admit women are faint.
2. It rocks, the broad flag of the free.
3. Strong lion's share almost gone.

Good Luck! Answers appear next issue.

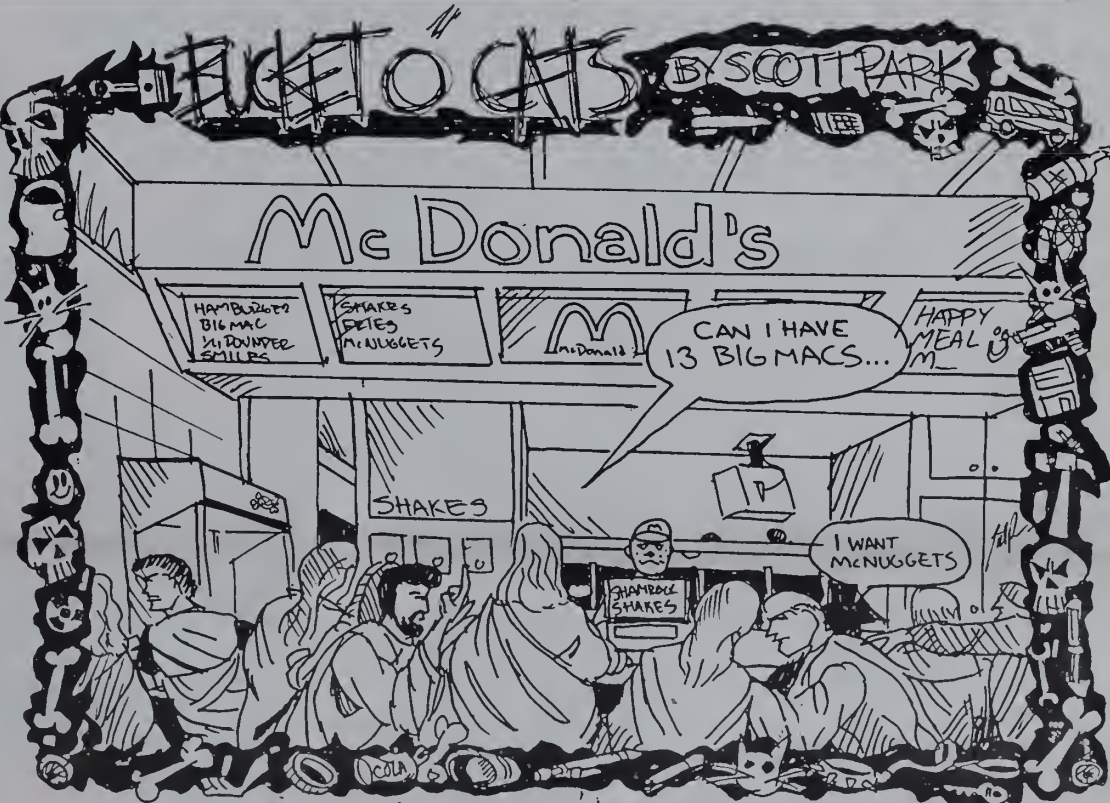
FUN STUFF

WHY, YOU MIGHT SAY... YIKES!



TOP TEN ITEMS ON MY THINGS TO DO LIST NOW THAT I HAVE BEEN ELECTED TO ECARA COUNCIL BY JEFF KOSTYNIUK

10. Increase male aerobic-class participation by hiring Pamela Anderson, Courtney Cox, and the blonde from 'The Mask' as instructors.
9. Improve the gym's profitability by installing high-level private boxes.
8. Have Male and Female Athletes of the Year duke it out in a best-of-seven "Rock, Paper, Scissors" match to determine the SUPERULTIMATE Athlete of the Year.
7. Launch beer sales in the bleachers.
6. Import some perky Swedish cheerleaders.
5. Give all sports referees the right to administer electric shocks to whiners.
4. Level the pool and ping-pong room and erect a Don Cherry's in its place.
3. Use ECARA computers to hack into U of T academic records and boost personal G.P.A.
2. Bring in the Queen and get Peter Baxter knighted.
1. Change ECARA's promotional slogan to: "DON'T WORRY MAN, WE'LL GIVE YOU A DOCTOR'S NOTE."



THE SECOND TO LAST

THE SEX FILES SUPPER

THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE

Today we will take the time to explore and laugh at the Looniest true Sex Laws in existence today: As far as we know, the Looniest foreign sex law comes from Johannesburg, South Africa, where a woman can charge her husband a fee each time they make love. But the law specifically states that she must be careful not to 'overcharge' because she might price herself out of the market. "The bed is the poor man's opera," explained one magistrate. "For a poor man, however, a charge of 10 rand a ticket might put the show beyond the realm of popular entertainment."

The Looniest punishment for violating a Sex Law comes from the United States. Lack of sex in a marriage is always grounds for an annulment...However, a wife can sue for a divorce on the grounds that a husband is oversexed. How many times a married couple should or shouldn't have sex was decided by the Supreme Court of Minnesota. The panel of judges upheld a lower court ruling that maintained a 42-year-old married man's need for sex an average of three or four times each week wasn't normal. This constituted, said the court, an "uncontrollable craving for sexual intercourse" by a husband. This father of six was branded a "criminal sexual psychopath" by the court and incarcerated in a mental institution! That's all until next week. Hope you enjoyed these true tales, and remember, no more than twice!!

Quote of the Week

"Our subconscious is like a vast subterranean factory with intricate machinery that is never idle, where work goes on day and night from the time we are born until the moment of our death."

- James Harvey Robinson

Answers From Last Week

G	A	L	A	S	M	I	L	E	R	B	A	S
A	R	O	M	A	A	N	I	T	A	A	B	E
B	R	O	A	D	M	I	N	D	E	D	L	E
L	A	S	D	I	N	E	R	I	A	L	T	O
E	Y	E	L	E	T	R	E	N	A	M	E	
	A	S	E	A	M	I	N	E	R	A	L	
I	N	G	O	T	S	C	O	T	T	I	V	
H	O	R	S	P	I	E	T	Y	O	N	E	R
A	S	I	S	H	A	N	E	G	L	A	R	E
D	U	S	T	P	A	N	D	E	L	L		
	T	H	I	R	S	T	R	E	A	D	E	R
H	U	M	E	R	I	H	E	R	A	U	N	I
A	R	I	A	S	S	E	S	S	M	E	N	T
V	A	L	L	E	T	I	T	E	M	C	E	E
E	L	L	S	E	E	R	S	R	U	E	R	S

Birthdays

With twenty-four people in the room you would in the long run lose twenty-three and win twenty-seven out of each fifty bets (this ignores February twenty-ninth). Arabian Knight Asterisk - 'Ass to risk.'

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Amy Gilmour
Kendra Rawlings
Ravi Parsotam
Bruce Dust
Ayesha Khan
Ted Henley
Gerry Harte
Emily Pilon
Omar Rampaul
Laurie Bamford
Mark McDavid

Athletic E (50 points):

Amy Gilmour
Tehmina Ahmed
Paul Clarke
Gregory Fisher
Elise Janssen
Kathleen McDermott
Jason Ovsenny
Colin Smyth
David Henderson
Harry Nagra
Rinku Ghei
Chris Wanschura
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Gokhan Haskan
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Gabriella Fermo

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YEAR, BE SURE TO CHECK YOUR ATHLET-
IC POINTS AT THE ECARA OFFICE!

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DON'T BE A SPECTATOR...GET IN THE GAME!